

FIFTY CENTS

JUNE 30, 1967

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



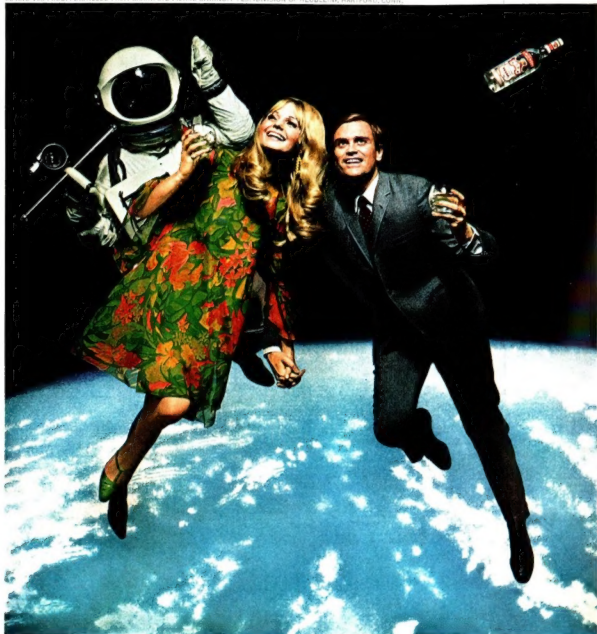
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ARTHUR SCHATT

VOL. 89 NO. 26

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## TIME LISTINGS

### TELEVISION

Wednesday, June 28

**BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER** (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). "Roddy McDowall plays a blackmailer in 'The Fatal Mistake.' His victim, Arthur Hill, raises reptiles; desperation drives him and his pets to strike. Repeat.

Thursday, June 29

**SUMMER FOCUS** (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Fredric March, as George Washington, narrates "1776" in a re-creation of the birth of the nation, with films shot at such historic sites as Lexington, Concord, Boston, Philadelphia, and Williamsburg. Repeat.

Friday, June 30

**CBS FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIES** (CBS, 9-11:15 p.m.). Fred Astaire, Lilli Palmer, Debbie Reynolds and Tab Hunter star in *The Pleasure of His Company* (1961).

**THE AVENGERS** (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Those British unbeatable, Patrick Macnee and Diana Rigg, take on the supernatural. Repeat.

Saturday, July 1

**ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS** (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Jim McKay and Phil Hill comment on the 24-hour Le Mans Grand Prix.

**SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES** (NBC, 9-11:15 p.m.). Kirk Douglas is the modern cowboy in *Lonely Are the Brave* (1962).

Sunday, July 2

**SOCCER GAME OF THE WEEK** (CBS, 2-4 p.m.). Los Angeles Toros v. the Atlanta Chiefs, in Atlanta.

**15TH U.S. WOMEN'S OPEN GOLF TOURNAMENT** (ABC, 5-6 p.m.). The final round from the Hot Springs Cascades course.

**THE 21ST CENTURY** (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Modern architecture, technology and city planning in "At Home, 2001." Repeat.

**OUR PLACE** (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). The Doo-dle-town Pipers, Burns and Schreiber, and the dog puppet Rowlf host this new musical-comedy variety hour. Guest star on the premiere show: Carol Burnett.

**THE ABC SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE** (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). Grace Kelly is forced to pick a partner from the likes of Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra in *High Society* (1957).

**THE SAINT** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Simon Templar (Roger Moore) encounters a cult that worships Rome's glories in "The Man Who Liked Lions."

Monday, July 3

**PERSONALITY** (NBC, 11-11:30 a.m.). Larry Blyden hosts a new daily series: three celebrities try to guess how another would answer a question. Premiere.

**VACATION PLAYHOUSE** (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). Old pilots never die: they become a summer series. The first in this group of comedy pilot films—which did not make it as full-fledged shows—stars Ed Wynn and Ethel Waters in *You're Only Young Twice*.

Tuesday, July 4

**SPOTLIGHT** (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Abbe Lane and Noel Harrison are the guest hosts in the first of this summer variety series from London. Premiere.

**TUESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES** (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Charlton Heston comes down

\* All times E.D.T.

from the mountain to become Buffalo Bill in *Pony Express* (1953).

**CBS NEWS SPECIAL** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). "The Anderson Platoon." A harsh but compassionate study of young Americans at war produced by Pierre Schoendoerffer for French TV (Tune, Feb. 17). There is a closeup of Captain Joseph B. Anderson, 24, a West Pointer and a Negro, as he leads his soldiers through the Viet Nam war in the fall of 1966.

**NET PLAYHOUSE** (shown on Fridays). "The Victorians: London Assurance" is a lively comedy by Dion Boucicault about an elderly nobleman who takes a fancy to an 18-year-old heiress.

**NET JOURNAL** (shown on Mondays). "Losing Just the Same" studies the problems of a Negro family in Oakland, Calif.

### THEATER

#### On Broadway

**YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING.** Four playlets poke fun at man's desires and taboos in the pursuit of sex. Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart and George Grizzard project all the poignancy and lunacy of Robert Anderson's characters.

**BLACK COMEDY** is not a play about civil rights or a comedy of black humor. Its tale of what happened when the lights went out is as unsuitable and vaudevillean as a slip on a banana peel or a pie in the face—and just as much fun.

**THE HOMECOMING** springs traps and surprises on its audience, making the play's validity, intent and meaning the controversy of the season. The Royal Shakespeare Company gives Harold Pinter's drama a spellbinding presentation.

#### Off Broadway

**AMERICA HURRAH** is as refreshing and shocking as a dive into cold water. The playlets by Jean-Claude van Itallie are the season's most original American drama.

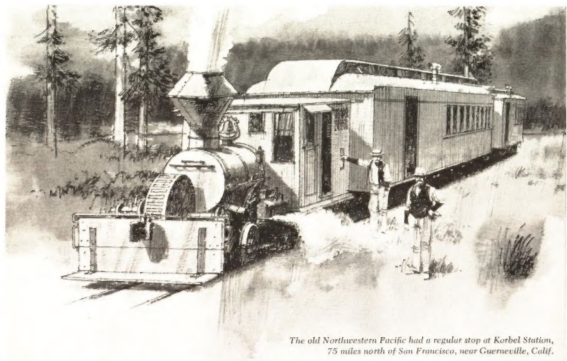
### RECORDS

#### Opera

**WAGNER, DIE WALKÜRE**, (Deutsche Grammophon; 5 LPs). Despite all of its flames, blood, magic swords and flying goddesses, this crystal-and-velvet score is the most human of Wagner's *Ring* operas. Conductor Herbert von Karajan's slow, deliberate pace illuminates each stroke of genius in the score, but some listeners will find that he has sacrificed passion for clarity and restrained the anguish that Wagner's wild climaxes can evoke. No matter: Jon Vickers' Siegmund is powerful and Régine Crespin's hotoyohos are properly rousing.

**VERDI, UN BALLO IN MASCHERA**, (RCA Victor; 3 LPs). *Masked Ball's* libretto is strictly crackpot, but Verdi's tunes justify the nonsense bewilderment. The opera has an ominous history: the day Verdi brought his score to Naples, assassins tried to murder Napoleon III. Frightened Bourbon censors forced the composer to switch the locale of his rather gloomy tale (about the assassination of Sweden's 18th century King Gustav III) to exotic Massachusetts and to dramatize instead the assassination of the "Governor of Boston." Conducted appropriately by Boston's Erich Leinsdorf, this version stars the lush

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vocal beauty of Leontyne Price, supported by a mostly American cast, including Robert Merrill, Shirley Verrett and Reri Grist. Carlo Bergonzi provides appropriate Italianate grace as the doomed governor.

**MONTEVERDI: L'INCORONAZIONE DI POPPEA** (Cambridge: 4 LPs). Monteverdi, the true father of opera, composed *Poppea* in 1642, when the art was still in its infancy. This is the first complete recording of his lusty, utterly amoral libretto and gentle music. Yet the results probably fall short of Monteverdi's intentions. In his day, singers, not composers or conductors, were kings; and no modern revival can ever recapture their singular contributions to a performance. For instance, two major roles in *Poppea*, scored for castrato voices, are sung in this recording by a countertenor and tenor, who provide earnest but ghostly approximations of the old score. The album, however, gives fine hints of how early Italian baroque opera sounded: intimate, civilized, and a trifle boring to modern ears.

**PURCELL: DIDO & AENEAS** (Angel). If the English had not loved spoken drama so well, Henry Purcell might have started a glorious operatic tradition in his country. As it was, *Dido and Aeneas* is Purcell's only opera, which he composed for a 1689 performance by the "Young Gentlemen" at Josias Priest's School in Chelsea. This album boasts a more distinguished roster of singers, including Victoria de los Angeles, but Purcell's baroque is as airy and clear as a birdsong in an English meadow—and sounds just as repetitious. Sir John Barbirolli conducts with vivacity.

**IRINA ARKHIPOVA: RUSSIAN OPERA & CAN-TATA ARIAS** (Melodiya/Angel). The dark passion of good Russian music is welcome to even the most jaded ears, and this collection of arias is particularly affecting. While most of the composers (Mussorgsky, Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev) are familiar, the excerpts are less so. Among the most intriguing is from *Not Love Alone*, an opera about the love life on a collective farm by Rodion Shchedrin. The youngest composer represented on the album (and husband of Prima Ballerina Maya Plisetskaya), Shchedrin finds room for originality within conventional Soviet Realism—which means late, late, late Romanticism. However superficial, his melodies are refreshingly singable. Mezzo-Soprano Arkhipova renders all with intelligence and virtuosity.

## CINEMA

**THE DRIFTER.** Inventive, impressionistic camera work and a memorable score tell a story as thin and fragile as a sea shell about a vagabond hitchhiker.

**THE WAR WAGON.** A standard western that has style and gusto, thanks to Old Pros John Wayne and Kirk Douglas and the taut direction of Burt Kennedy.

**BARFOOT IN THE PARK.** Author Neil Simon has taken a plot as bland as a potato, sliced it into thin bits—and made it as hard to resist as potato chips. Jane Fonda, Robert Redford and Mildred Natwick are also crisp.

**A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.** Walter Matthau is the man and Bobby Morse is his guide through the intricacies of adultery. A fine collection of comics (among them: Jack Benny, Lucille Ball, Art Carney, Joey Bishop) contribute cameo illustrations to the lecture.

**THE HONEY POT.** Rex Harrison plays a voluptuary who lives a *vita* that is incredi-





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bly *dolce* until Director Joseph Mankiewicz's sourly satirical plot takes over.

MADE IN ITALY. Anna Magnani, Vima Lisi and Catherine Spaak are among the stars of this mosaic of modern Italy that blends humor, irony and pathos.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

A PRELUDE: LANDSCAPES, CHARACTERS AND CONVERSATIONS FROM THE EARLIER YEARS OF MY LIFE, by Edmund Wilson. A distinguished and versatile critic gathers shards of youthful experience into a memoir that says farewell to the innocence—his own and the country's—that was shattered by World War I. The same experiences help his rather stilted early stories, *GALAHAD* and *I THOUGHT OF DAISSY*, now reissued, to hold up as searching documentaries of an era.

HAROLD NICOLSON: THE WAR YEARS, 1939-1945, VOL. II OF DIARIES AND LETTERS, edited by Nigel Nicolson. This second installment of Author-Politician Nicolson's sprightly and irreverent reminiscences might well clinch his position as the brightest British diarist of his age.

THE DIFFICULTY OF BEING, by Jean Cocteau. Autobiographical jottings of the Frenchman who poured his enormous talents into playing the artist in both his strange novels and otherworldly movies.

RICHARD STRAUSS: THE LIFE OF A NON-HERO, by George R. Marek. The author orchestrates vivid evocations of German cultural life around his theme, that decay and upheaval after World War I cut Strauss off from his romantic roots and kept him from fulfilling his greatness.

ALL MEN ARE LONELY NOW, by Francis Clifford. Still another double agent raves the skin of British cold-war diplomacy with a classically simple plan that Author Clifford fashions into a classically complicated thriller.

SNOW WHITE, by Donald Barthelme. A weird and wicked contemporary version of the old fairy tale. Children would like the story without understanding it—but, then, the same is true for adults.

THE HORRORS OF LOVE, by Jean Dutourd. In his exploration of a tragic love affair between a middle-aged Frenchman and his young mistress, Dutourd also performs an unconstrained and meticulous dissection of French character.

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. The Arrangement, Kazan (1 last week)
2. The Eighth Day, Wilder (3)
3. Washington, D.C., Vidal (2)
4. The Chosen, Potok (9)
5. The Secret of Santa Vittoria, Crichton (7)
6. The Plot, Wallace (4)
7. Rosemary's Baby, Levin (6)
8. Capable of Honor, Drury (8)
9. Tales of Manhattan, Auchincloss (5)
10. Go to the Widow-Maker, Jones

#### NONFICTION

1. Everything but Money, Levenson (3)
2. The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell (2)
3. The Death of a President, Manchester (1)
4. Edgar Cayce: The Sleeping Prophet, Stearn (5)
5. Madame Sarah, Skinner (4)
6. Games People Play, Berne (6)
7. Disraeli, Blake (10)
8. Treblinka, Steiner (7)
9. Paper Lion, Plimpton (9)
10. A Man Called Lucy, Accocco and Quet

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# LETTERS

## De-Fusing the Powder Keg

Sir: In the language of Russian double-talk, a nation is "peace-loving" if the Soviets think it is to their advantage to support it. However, there is no doubt that the "peace-loving" Soviets are chiefly responsible for the Middle East crisis because they armed the Arab countries and incited them to attack Israel.

Israel's crime in the eyes of the Russians seems to be that it refused to let itself be destroyed. By defeating the Arabs decisively, Israel inflicted a blow to Russian prestige; this the Soviets will not forgive. There is no doubt that the Russians are already beginning to plan for the next Arab attack against Israel.

NATHAN ROSEN  
Professor of Physics  
Israel Institute of Technology

Haifa, Israel

Sir: In view of the Soviet Union's demand that Israel return to its original boundaries, would it not be appropriate for the Israeli representative to the U.N. to request that the Soviet Union do likewise, that is, return East Berlin, Poland, Danzig, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, two portions of Finland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania and several outlying bases to their original owners?

WILLIAM REED

Manhattan

Sir: To expect Israel now to reconstruct the original powder keg that has exploded in her face three times in the past 20 years, sparked by the desire to blow her off the map, is the height of malicious folly. Yet this is what U.S.S.R.-U.A.R., Inc. proposes. Israel's new borders will have to be determined by its need for open and unchallenged life lines.

FELIX POLLAK

Madison, Wis.

Sir: As one of the foreign professors who remained in Amman during the war but has since been evacuated, I was much impressed by the accuracy and fairness of your account. I have talked with dozens who eyewitnessed various phases in Jerusalem, Beirut and Egypt from the Arab side. Everything you said correlates, and I was happy to see King Hussein get due but not excessive credit for his heroic synthesis of conflicting loyalties. His people deserve all the help we can give them.

WARD S. MILLER

Athens

Sir: Having discovered myself cited by you as an example of "this curious double standard" on Viet Nam and the Middle East [June 9], may I point out that Viet Nam and the Middle East are two different situations, the former marginal, the latter focal to our interests.

In Viet Nam we are engaged in an effort to control the situation in Asia, which is essentially futile because it is contrary to history. We cannot control it because we are not an Asiatic power. The control, or dominant influence, must be exercised from within; that is what the end of colonialism means. If Chinese Communism is to be contained, forces from within Asia must do it. Hitler could not have been defeated if there had been no force opposing him from within Europe.

The Middle East, on the contrary, as the crossroads of the world between Asia and Europe, as the area of confrontation between Russia and ourselves, as the

source of oil, is of paramount strategic importance to the U.S. Therefore the survival of Israel is a vital interest of the U.S. As a Western-oriented democracy, it is an invaluable and inalienable ally in the Middle East, and more than that, as has been amply demonstrated, is ready, willing and capable of fighting for itself. This is not an accidental but a fundamental difference from South Viet Nam.

BARBARA TUCHMAN

Cos Cob, Conn.

P.S. And the picture! Wherever did you get hold of *that*? It has split the family: my husband likes it and I am seriously considering a suit for libelous slander.

## Blitzing Blitzkrieg

Sir: Your otherwise commendable coverage of the Arab-Israeli conflict was marred by the insertion of an unfunny and utterly tasteless collection of American-Jewish humor under the title "Blitzkrieg" [June 16]. "Witticisms," Voltaire once said, "do not accord with massacres."

A. JOSHUA SHERMAN

Manhattan

Sir: The author of "Blitzkrieg" should receive the Nobel Prize for literature. The photographer of the Jewish Superman also deserves an award.

SAUL Z. WASSERMAN

Brooklyn

## To Tame a Tiger

Sir: Having just read the interesting Essay on sex education in the U.S. [June 9], I cannot suppress an ironical snigger at the spectacle of a highly rational society indulging in such magical thinking as to suppose that, having drawn a diagram of a tiger on the blackboard, the teacher may safely invite children to stroke the nice "pusycat" roaming in the jungle. Sex is probably the most powerful, and certainly the most mysterious, of the instincts, and cannot be tamed by a textbook.

Primitive societies, in their simple wisdom, knew that sex could be propitiated only by rituals and taboos that handed on to succeeding generations the intuitive experience of the tribe. In our sophisticated world, there is only one efficacious object lesson in sex education—the authentic, life-given magic of unselfish parents who are loving and faithful to each other and to their offspring. The girl who fears motherhood does not lack accurate information so much as she lacks the reawakening experience, in her own life, of that

genuine mother love "that casteth out fear." All the factual information in the world shrivels beside the power, for good or evil, of early emotional experience.

J. F. GILLMER

Johannesburg

Sir: Another fine and relevant Essay. But under the "why" of sex education, you omitted one important reason for it, that of preparing people for enjoyable sexual relations in marriage. The frequency of frigidity and impotence eludes statistics, but their occurrence is not infrequent. As a psychiatric social worker, I know that it is not uncommon to find one or both playing a significant role when couples present themselves for marital counseling. Both disorders stem largely from early taught attitudes toward sex. Education that helps instill a responsible and positive attitude toward sex may not ensure healthier marriages for everyone, but it could go a long way in that direction.

WILLIAM PAUL DERRICK

Waco, Texas

## White Hats, Black Power

Sir: Living in a cool and calm suburban town makes it difficult to conceive of the violence that has occurred in places like Tampa, Los Angeles and Dayton [June 23]. But it isn't hard to recognize the guts of the "white hats" (City Youth Patrol) in Tampa and in Dayton, or the intelligence of the cops who made it work. There is the "black power" that all Americans can be proud of.

JANE McMANUS LIENAU

Mount Kisco, N.Y.

## Silver Salvage

Sir: Your piece about the shortage of silver [June 2] correctly points out that photographic film is one of the largest single industrial users of silver. But you do not note that most of the silver used for this purpose could be salvaged. One of the largest users of these products, the U.S. Government, is one of the worst offenders in this needless waste. Black and white photographic images typically use only 10-25% of the initial silver manufactured in them. The remaining silver is removed as a part of the processing procedure, but is recoverable at low cost.

WILLIAM H. GROVES

Artisan Industries Inc.

Waltham, Mass.

## Superabundant Middlemen

Sir: Why does the "aridity of the script" selected by the Minnesota Theater company for its first production of a new

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TIME, JUNE 30, 1967

# A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley

ALONG with 800 other journalists, a Nation Reporter Jim Willwerth headed straight for Glassboro, N.J., when he heard the news of the im- pending Johnson-Kosygin meeting. Arriving from New York in the mid- dle of the night, he managed to ac- quire a sparsely furnished room in the town's only hotel, tacked a pen- ciled sign on the door reading "TIME Magazine, Glassboro Bureau," and was in business. Among the other TIME staffers who joined him were the Washington Bureau's Bruce Nelson and White House Correspondent Hugh Sides, who had watched the guessing, the maneuvering and final- ly the hasty preparation that preced- ed the meeting, sticking close to Lyndon Johnson throughout.

Our cover story, written by Lau- rence Barrett and edited by Michael Demaree, attempts to assess not only the import of the Glassboro gather- ing but the whole range of foreign- policy problems faced by the U.S. and the Soviet Union. TIME bu- reaus all over the world contributed to that assessment, but, sometimes, getting the story out of Glassboro proved hardest. Communications were a shambles, and reporters were reduced to queuing up outside a few phone booths in the yard. At one point, Bruce Nelson was trying im- patiently to get a call through to New York on the overloaded trunk line. As he waited and waited, a Japa- nese newsmen appeared at the phone next to him, asked for a Tokyo num- ber, and got it instantly.

Another member of our Washing- ton bureau made news himself last week. On the Cal 40 sloop, *Lanceilla II*, owned and skippered by him, Economics Correspondent Juan Cameron won the Annapolis-New- port regatta, which this year proved to be one of the roughest in mem- ory. Among Cameron's crew were John Wilhelm, also of the Washing- ton bureau, Norris Brock, a TIME- LIFE Broadcast cameraman, Carter

Brown, assistant director of the Na- tional Gallery, and Robert Amory, former deputy director of the CIA. Gales of up to 55 miles closed in about a day out, and from the time they left Chesapeake Bay, Cameron and company saw no other boats. The *Lanceilla*'s electronic gear gave out, including the speed indicator and the radio direction finder, requiring navigation by dead reckoning.

The wind ripped out her stove (not that anybody was able to keep any food down anyway). Cameron pressed on with only his storm sails flying, not realizing at the time that of the 91 ships starting, one sank, nine were demasted, and another 26 turned back. The *Lanceilla* came in first in its second division and ahead of all but four of the first-division boats, winning the coveted Blue Water Bowl with a corrected time of 72 hr. 27 min. 28 sec. Said one of Cameron's exultant colleagues: "Does Chichester need a bosun on his next voyage?"



CAMERON (SECOND FROM LEFT) & CREW

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

June 30, 1967

Vol. 89, No. 26

## THE NATION

### FOREIGN RELATIONS

#### Summit in Smalltown

[See Cover]

It looked like a county-fair town at election time. Hawkers were sold out of balloons and popcorn; hotels were jammed—and charging three times their normal prices. On every street, flags hung from front stoops and gawking kids from tree limbs. Several banners proclaimed: U.R.G. ALL THE WAY.

L.B.J. himself grinned and waved back to the welcoming townfolk, the tension draining from his face as the crowds' enthusiasm washed over him. But he said nothing on arrival. He had not come to New Jersey's Gloucester County last week to mine votes but to fulfill his familiar pledge to "seek peace, any time, any place."

He did not have to travel very far. The place for the first U.S.-Soviet summit conference in six years was no Yalta or Geneva. Rather, as the wife of New Jersey's Governor put it, it was "Smalltown, U.S.A.," the little (pop. 11,689) college community of Glassboro, 135 miles from Washington, near the Colonial farming settlement and crossroads once known as Long A-Comin'.

The meeting between President Lyndon Baines Johnson and Premier Alexsei Nikolavich Kosygin had also been long in coming. Yet once started, the summiters seemed as loath to end their dialogue as they had been to initiate it. For five hours and 20 minutes, at least two hours longer than expected, Johnson and Kosygin conferred on a wide spectrum of world issues that the superpowers alone can hope to resolve, interrupting private sessions monitored only by interpreters with a working luncheon attended by their top advisers. When they parted, it was not goodbye but *au revoir*; they surprised the world anew by returning to Glassboro for another meeting 48 hours later.

"Nice Place." Kosygin set the tone of the first meeting with his first words to Johnson after stepping out of his limousine: "You chose a nice place." And indeed it was. The venue was Holly Bush, a 22-room gingerbread brownstone, vintage 1849, on the rolling, tree-studded campus of Glassboro State College. The residence of College President Thomas ("Dr. Tom") Robinson, the house is as fetchingly old-fashioned inside as out, decorated with 19th cen-

tury English prints and figured wallpaper. In the small, green-walled library set aside for the leaders' private conversation, the President and the Premier sat down beneath such titles as *Those Who Love* and *The Dignity of Man*. At least one international misunderstanding was quickly cleared up. When Kosygin remarked that it was a charming farmhouse, Johnson admitted that even *Amerikanski* farmers do not often occupy 22-room mansions.

The hard talk was something else. As they toured the horizon, it became clear that neither side was going to open the way to a major breakthrough. Johnson found Kosygin temperate, intelligent, experienced, but firm. The U.S. must let the Vietnamese settle their problems; Kosygin insisted, but the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. should force a Middle East settlement—on largely Arab terms. They agreed on Israel's right to existence, but the two had already said so before; Kosygin had even mentioned it when citing the "new realities of the nuclear age" at the United Nations General Assembly earlier in the week. They agreed on the importance of a treaty to bar the spread of nuclear weapons, but that, too, had already been agreed upon in principle.

**Tough Grandfather.** Before they broke for a luncheon of shrimp cocktail, roast beef and rice pilaf, they joshed about whether to eat at all. Kosygin said he was a tough grandfather. Having sipped coffee and iced tea during the morning meeting, he could go the rest of the day without food. Johnson prevailed, and lunch was served on a cloth-covered raw-wood table hastily hammered together by the White House kitchen staff, which had come up from Washington along with the food. During the meal, which was attended by Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, Secretary of State Dean Rusk and other top aides, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara spoke about the advantages of a mutual freeze on production of anti-ballistic missile systems. Gromyko replied with the standard answer: the Soviets need an ABM network for protection against U.S. missiles.

In leading up to a toast with California Cabernet Sauvignon, Johnson made the first intimation that the meeting should be continued. "We would like to have the opportunity," he said, "to sit down further and discuss aspects of



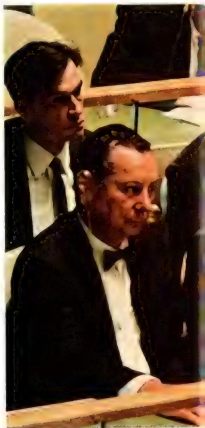
KOSYGIN & JOHNSON LUNCHING  
In the region of Long A-Comin'.



"You chose a nice place," said Aleksei Kosygin to Lyndon Johnson. Here they pause and pose in the bucolic front yard of the 118-year-old house occupied by the president of New

Jersey's Glassboro State College. At center of porch are Governor and Mrs. Richard Hughes, to the right of them are Glassboro President Thomas Robinson and his wife.

Listening to U.N. speech by Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban, the Soviets show obvious discomfort. From left: Ambassador to the U.N. Nikolai Fedorenko, Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko and Kosygin.



Strolling on Wall Street, Premier's party takes stock of the citadel of capitalism. From left: Soviet

Ambassador Dobrynin, Kosygin, Daughter Liudmila, Gromyko and Police Inspector Sanford Garelik.

Like any other tourists in Manhattan, the Russian visitors ogle the 102-story Empire State Building on a Sunday-afternoon walk down Fifth Avenue. In a two-hour 40-minute trip by car and foot, they covered 36 miles of the island.







PHOTOGRAPH BY BEN HASTIS



Addressing the U.N., Kosygin dryly and dully chastises U.S. and Israel in 40-minute speech. He walked out during Eban's talk.







While Governor Hughes looks on, his wife Elizabeth accepts a bouquet of roses that somebody in the crowd tossed to Johnson as he waited for Kosygin's arrival.

the anti-ballistic missile system, nonproliferation, perhaps some questions arising out of the Middle East situation, and at least the situation in Southeast Asia, as well as questions of mutual interest in Europe and the Western Hemisphere." Later, Kosygin made a firm suggestion for the second session.

**Food Threat.** Another theme of mutual interest was grandfatherhood, a status Kosygin had enjoyed for 18 years and Johnson for two days. Kosygin welcomed the President to the club, passed along a gold baby cup for Patrick Lyndon Nugent. Grandchildren—and the world they will live in—became a frequent touchstone. At one point, Johnson told the Russian: "You don't want my grandson fighting you, and I don't want you shooting at him."

The conferees emerged from the first day's meeting beaming at each other and the world. It looks could melt the cold war ice. Gloucester County would have been flooded, Johnson, towering over his stocky, grizzled guest, wore his most affable smile; Kosygin, normally grim in public, grinned shyly. "We have exchanged views on a number of international questions," Johnson said. "We

\* Kosygin also gave the Robinsons a cigarette lighter and several objects of Baltic amber, including a cigarette holder for Dr. Robinson, a teetotaler who does smoke an occasional cigarette.

also exchanged views on the questions of direct bilateral relations between the Soviet Union and the United States of America." It was, in the words of countless diplomatic bulletins, "a very good and very useful meeting."

Kosygin agreed. He thanked the President for arranging the meeting, thanked "the masters of the house"—the Republican college president—for "a roof over our heads under which we could meet." (The roof, as Johnson found to his delight, had in earlier times sheltered such visitors as Teddy Roosevelt and William Howard Taft.) As to the business of the day, Kosygin said he had nothing to add to Johnson's statement: "I think it was very correctly drawn up." But by the time he got to his limousine, Kosygin had a postscript: "War should be a thing of the past."

Despite the humid 90° weather, more than 2,000 townsfolk had excitedly waited out the conference. Their hurrahs drew the normally reticent Russian out of his car after it had gone just a few hundred yards. Upstaging Johnson for the nonce, he shook hands, waved and cried: "I would like to thank you! There are many beautiful and wonderful things to be done!" Then the chairman of the Soviet Council of Ministers headed down Route 322 for the 111-mile drive back to New York. He spent the day of Summit recess visiting Niagara



GREETING GLASSBORO TOWNSFOLK  
"Many beautiful and wonderful things."

Falls. Johnson headed for a political dinner in Los Angeles, where, perhaps a bit too sanguinely, he told his audience: "It is good to sit down and look a man in the eye and try to reason with him and to have him reason with you. Reasoning together was the spirit of Holly Bush."

**Hard Road.** For all the public smiles and warm words, the road to Glassboro had been arduous, and at times ridiculous. From Washington's viewpoint, there were at least four powerful arguments against the meeting—the tour sterile cold-war Summits during the Eisenhower and Kennedy Administrations, most notably the 1960 Paris meeting that broke up over the U-2 incident as soon as it began, and John Kennedy's unhappy Viennese deadlock with Nikita Khrushchev in 1961. Also, Washington officialdom has a built-in predisposition against high-level meetings without detailed preparation and a concrete agenda. Finally, the Administration was opposed to a meeting that would strengthen Kosygin's hand in his Middle Eastern propaganda push, which was the main reason for his visit to the U.S.

Yet from the moment word arrived on June 16 that Kosygin was coming, the White House felt that protocol as well as good taste required at least a gesture of hospitality. As speculation increased, White House Press Secretary George Christian announced in Washington: "The President has made it clear that Mr. Kosygin would be welcome here, or at Camp David, or some other convenient place near by for either a social visit or substantive discussions."

**Roses to the Workers.** There, for two days, the invitation rested. Johnson's calendar began filling up. Kosygin, who had landed in New York on June 17 with his married daughter, gracious, well-dressed Ludmila Gvishiani, went about his business and pleasure, giving the impression that he was waiting for further word from Washington. "It is

## ALEXSEI KOSYGIN: THE COMPLEAT APPARATCHIK

**Born:** Feb. 20, 1904, in St. Petersburg, son of a lathe operator.

**Education:** After serving in the Red Army at 15, he entered the Leningrad Co-operative Technicum, later earned a degree at the Leningrad Textile Institute.

**Rise to Power:** Gifted with phenomenal memory and an analytical intelligence that might have taken him to the top of any capitalist corporation, Kosygin advanced swiftly as an efficient, inventive technocrat of the Stalinist era. He became overall boss of the textile industry in 1939, during the war served as deputy chairman of the U.S.S.R. Council of People's Commissars. He soon caught Stalin's eye, and in 1948 became the youngest (43) member of the Politburo.

From that time, Kosygin has seldom been far from the center of Soviet power, no matter what upheavals occurred there. Though skilled as a politician, he was not classed as a hard-line Stalinist. His success as Deputy Premier for a total of 19 years was mostly due to his talent as a masterful *apparatchik*, the engineer of Soviet economic machinery. Said Nikita Khrushchev in 1958: "Kosygin knows everything."

**In the Triumvirate:** In 1964, when the party Central Committee sacked Khrushchev, it promoted Kosygin—

then First Deputy Premier—to Premier. Today, Leonid Brezhnev, an ebullient and sloganeering politician, acts as Russia's chairman of the board; Kosygin is the chief Soviet operating officer and head of government. A pragmatist, he remains aloof from ideological disputes and factional politics. Under his leadership, the government is slowly absorbing many of the administrative responsibilities long held by the party. The third member of the Kremlin triumvirate, President Nikolai Podgorniy, is the least powerful, although in recent months he has emerged as a traveling Soviet spokesman to non-aligned nations such as Austria and, last week, Egypt.

**Personality:** Oddly, younger Russians admire the sober Kosygin more than they do Brezhnev. Correct, level-headed, with a taste for anonymity and a dull, if cultured, public speaking voice, Kosygin emphasizes moderation and maintenance of peace. He is a widower—his wife Klavdia died of cancer last month—and has a married daughter, Ludmila Gvishiani. For all his drab public facade, Kosygin is capable of sharp, dry wit. On a visit to Britain last February, while dining with Tory Leader Ted Heath, he observed: "It is less fun to be in opposition in some countries than in others."



DAUGHTER LIUDMILA IN METROPOLITAN  
And Barefoot in the Park.

not tip to me," he said. By foot and limousine, he toured Manhattan from Wall Street to Harlem; and later, Ludmila, who speaks English and was full of smiles, took an excursion to Times Square, went to the opera (*La Gioconda*), the movies (*Barefoot in the Park*, *Blow-up*), and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where the photographers delighted in finding her in the Egyptian wing. Kossygin made plans to go to the opera himself (when he had to cancel, he sent roses to "the workers of the opera house").

One place he would not go was Washington. Just as Johnson was unwilling to appear to be buttressing the Russian's presence at the U.N., Kossygin did not want the Arabs to view him as a supplicant at Johnson's table. But four days after he arrived, the feeling in Washington had tilted in favor of a meeting. Johnson has been accused in the past of neglecting diplomacy and missing opportunities to treat with the Communists. Now, moreover, there was a human desire to size up Kossygin, who, despite his wooden mien, is recognized as the closest thing the Kremlin has to a statesman in the Western sense. West European sentiment favored the meeting. Furthermore, there was the belief in Washington that everything possible should be done to keep the line open to Moscow. Finally, at a noon-hour meeting with Kossygin, Secretary of State Dean Rusk made the deal. Kossygin had been a flop at the United Nations. He was increasingly eager to make some showing of success.

**Halfway House.** Where to meet? Although Kossygin ranks second in the Soviet hierarchy only to Communist Party Secretary Leonid Brezhnev, he apparently had authorization from Moscow to see Johnson only in New York. An

exchange of cables with the Kremlin was necessary for Kossygin to get clearance to go out of town. Then, it turned out, the Chairman had no enthusiasm for a helicopter ride, while the White House insisted on a halfway house near Philadelphia with its big jet strip. There were other considerations—security, privacy, facilities for the press.

Johnson telephoned New Jersey Governor Richard Hughes, an old friend and fellow Democrat. Hughes, who had earlier suggested the possibility of a New Jersey location, immediately proposed Holly Bush. Fifteen miles southeast of Philadelphia, it is almost exactly midway between Washington and New York, an easy automobile ride via the New Jersey Turnpike, with a nice campus setting and a handy gym for press facilities.

In his White House bedroom, Johnson called for a map and, with a trio of aides, searched for Glassboro. There was considerable discussion, an exchange of phone calls with Rusk in New York and, two hours later, final agreement with the Russians. The White House announcement half an hour later put Glassboro on the map for keeps. No one bothered to tell President Robinson about it until after Glassboro got the word from radio and TV newscasts.

All week, summitry speculation had

provided considerably more suspense than the all-too-predictable Middle East debate in the General Assembly. The meeting in Glassboro only heightened the atmosphere of unreality at the U.N.'s glass house. Even as Johnson and Kossygin met, Byelorussia's Tikhon Kiselev was railing in the General Assembly against the Israeli "reign of terror" in Arab lands.

**Five Principles.** Kiselev's effusions were typical of the five-day prepackaged charade on Manhattan's East River. Moscow had demanded the convening of the 122-member Assembly, ostensibly to break the Middle East impasse. For its part, the Johnson Administration opposed the U.N. session from the outset, correctly anticipating that it would accomplish nothing and that the Communists intended it to be a propaganda spectacular. Once confronted with the inevitability of the session, the U.S. did use the occasion for extensive diplomatic lobbying by Secretary Rusk. He saw many of the foreign officials privately, and even conferred secretly one night with United Arab Republic Deputy Premier Mahmoud Fawzy.

As to the public proceedings, it was the Administration's view that Johnson's presence there—regardless of summitry—could only invest the session with unwarranted dignity. Yet the U.S. had to speak out. For a forum, Johnson selected a State Department briefing for educators just an hour before Kossygin was to take the podium at the U.N. The President gave a sober, statesmanlike prescription for sanity in the Middle East. His "five great principles of peace in the region" called for each nation's "fundamental right to live" and be respected by its neighbors, "justice" for Arab refugees, unfettered maritime rights, control of the arms race, and maintenance of the "political independence and territorial integrity" for all.

**Soft Voice.** Johnson unmistakably supported the Israeli cause, although he shrewdly avoided crowing over the Soviet-Arab defeat. Specifically, he put the American imprimatur on Israel's premises for peace: Arab recognition of Israeli statehood, an end to the state of belligerence that has existed since 1948, free use of Suez and the Strait of Tiran, direct Arab-Israeli peace negotiations. Yet he also skirted the role of Israeli advocate. "Certainly," he said, "[Israeli] troops must be withdrawn."

Speaking in a soft voice and clearly directing himself to Kossygin—who was watching the President on television and getting a running translation—Johnson said: "We think we have made great progress in improving the arena of common action with the Soviet Union. Our purpose is to narrow our differences—where they can be narrowed—and thus to help secure peace in the world for future generations." In a less charitable aside to the Communists, Johnson proposed that all Middle East nations report new weapons shipments into the region. "Now the waste and futility of the arms race," said Johnson, "must be

\* Local historians maintain that the town helped popularize the word "bottle." The term was coined earlier but gained wide currency when a now-defunct Glassboro glass-works made cabin-shaped bottles for William Henry Harrison's 1840 log-cabin presidential campaign. The contents were supplied by a Philadelphia distiller named E. C. Booz.



apparent to all the peoples of the world."

Johnson then went to the White House to take his turn before the TV set. Kossygin, the economics expert who typifies the pragmatic new Soviet man, did little in his U.N. debut but rehearse the catechism of Kremlin clichés. He did, hopeful U.S. diplomats noted, leave open a minuscule area for potential negotiation by acknowledging Israel's right to national existence and mentioning the need for a "common language" among the great powers. Otherwise he sounded like a technocrat's Molotov.

**Aleks in Wonderland.** Kossygin castigated U.S. policy from Santo Domingo to Saigon, worked in West German re-venchism and, straight-faced, held up Soviet respect for the right of "every people to establish an independent national state of its own" as an example the U.S. might follow. On the Middle East, he was strictly Aleks in Wonderland. Israel was the "unbridled aggressor," guilty of "unprecedented perfidy" and encouraged, of course, by the U.S. He likened Israel's actions to "the heinous crimes perpetrated by the fascists during World War II." Demanding U.N. condemnation of Israeli aggression, im-

mediate and unconditional withdrawal of Israeli forces and reparations by Israel to the United Arab Republic, Syria and Jordan, Kossygin introduced a formal resolution that would have the General Assembly appeal to the Security Council to enforce its judgment.

Abba Eban, the Israeli Foreign Minister, answered in ringing Churchillian cadences, coining the word "politicized" (death of a country) as the crime of which the Arabs were guilty (see **THE WORLD**). He was followed by a group of Arab and European spokesmen who either denounced Israel or admonished it against territorial aggrandizement. Of the rhetorical encirclement Eban is said to have quipped: "Never have so few owed so little to so many."

**Politicizing v. Realpolitik.** U.S. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg introduced an alternative resolution to the Soviet proposals that incorporated the five principles laid down by Johnson and added the suggestion that Arab-Israeli peace talks be assisted by a disinterested mediator. After Goldberg's formal motion, the General Assembly became a kind of Hyde Park Corner for every diplomatic soapbox in town.

In fact, neither the U.S. nor the Soviet

et resolution seemed likely to be adopted, and there was talk of a compromise proposal by a group of small powers, perhaps this week. Whatever the outcome, the U.N. session seemed almost surrealistically detached from geopolitics, a sideshow that serves at best as a strainer separating politicking from *Realpolitik*.

Yet for Moscow it was a necessary exercise, both in terms of the immediate question of the Soviet future in the Middle East and the larger one of its standing *vis-à-vis* the U.S. in this 50th anniversary year of the Bolshevik Revolution. While the Soviets have been making progress domestically in economic development, they have had little to celebrate in their conduct of foreign affairs for the past 20 years.

Particularly since the 1962 Cuban missile debacle, which helped hasten the fall of Nikita Khrushchev, Moscow has played for smaller states at great cost and scant return (see box). One investment it could not liquidate, however, was the Middle East. With the decline of Western influence and the rise of Arab nationalism in the 1950s, the volatile, petroliferous Moslem world became an irresistible and comparatively safe target

## — THE UNEVEN RECORD OF SOVIET DIPLOMACY —

**I**N the past two decades, Soviet foreign policy has proved consistently costly, dangerous and in large measure ineffectual. After World War II, the Soviet Union scored tremendous gains, principally the Communization of Eastern Europe accomplished by the Red army. In due course, the West was compelled to acknowledge these gains and stop thinking about "rolling back" Communism. On the other hand, Moscow's grip on its satellites grew dramatically weaker. And beyond its original World War II conquests, Moscow won virtually nothing in the way of further Communist takeovers, with the sole exception of Cuba. Quite apart from Communism, Russia has achieved far less than it has often been credited with in the more conventional, big-power style of spreading influence, particularly in the "third world," where its potential had once seemed so menacing.

In almost every direct postwar confrontation with the West, Moscow backed off or down. Major milestones:

- **IRAN.** When Stalin refused to withdraw Soviet troops from the country's northern tier after World War II, U.S. and British pressure, backed by the West's monopoly on nuclear arms, forced their unconditional evacuation in 1946.
- **GREECE & TURKEY.** Both nations faced takeover in 1947—Greece from a savage struggle with Communist guerrillas, Turkey from Russian pressure to annex its northeastern territories and thereby force joint sovereignty over the strategic Bosphorus and Dardanelles. The Truman Doctrine was chiefly responsible for thwarting Moscow's goals in both countries.
- **BERLIN.** Moscow did its best to squeeze the Allies (U.S., Britain, France) out of West Berlin with the blockade in 1948-49. Truman's characteristically spunky reply was the airlift, and another Soviet defeat. Again in 1959, after Nikita Khrushchev launched his rocket-rattling "breakthrough" policy, the Russians began threatening to sign a separate peace treaty with East Germany, thereby isolating and possibly dooming West Berlin. The threat to Berlin, repeated in 1960 and 1962, was defused by U.S. troop reinforcements. The building of the Wall in 1961 to choke off the flow of escapees was tacit admission of failure.
- **KOREA.** Stalin thought that the southern half of the divided country—a scant 120 miles from Japan—was ripe for plucking in 1950. Truman's decision to intervene, with United Nations support, frustrated that attempt. While Korea was no victory for the U.S., the stalemate that resulted pre-

vented the Russians from achieving their original objective.

• **CUBA.** In the cold war's tautest showdown, John F. Kennedy forced Khrushchev's hand by demanding the removal of Soviet missiles from the Caribbean. Faced with the alternative of nuclear war, Khrushchev caved in.

• **VIET NAM.** Though the U.S. is deeply and painfully embroiled in Viet Nam, the Southeast Asian war has yielded scant prospect of benefit for Moscow either. Kossygin and Communist Boss Leonid Brezhnev, reversing Khrushchev's policy of noninvolvement in Southeast Asia, began aiding Hanoi early in 1965, when a Viet Cong victory seemed imminent. Large-scale U.S. intervention thwarted their hopes of a quick, cheap victory and exposed Russia to the charge that it will retreat from its involvement in any war of national liberation if the stakes get too high.

Russia can take some comfort from the divisions inside the Western Alliance and some victories in minor skirmishes, such as the U.S. backdown on the U.N. payments issue. But perhaps the prime Soviet accomplishment in recent years is that, compared to the buccaneering days of Stalin, Russia has become respectable as a world power. At home it has shown a measure of liberalization, and a pragmatic concern with prosperity that tends to discourage foreign adventure. Abroad, it has shown discretion in staying off any major, nuclear East-West conflict. The 1966 Tashkent Declaration, in which Russia acted as mediator between warring India and Pakistan, symbolized this new Soviet international respectability. But Moscow has had great difficulty in translating this image into concrete influence, partly because it seems basically divided as to its ultimate aims. Is it to be a conventional big power with global responsibilities and trade interests, more or less unhampered by the old Marxist goal of world revolution? Or is it to compete with Peking in the expensive and increasingly futile business of spreading disorder and rebellion?

Russian leaders are torn between the two policies. As a result, Russia has made scant headway along either course. Certainly, the Soviets' client states have grown increasingly skeptical of Moscow's interest in their cherished "wars of liberation." By contrast, the overwhelming U.S. commitment to South Viet Nam has persuaded many nations in Asia and elsewhere that Washington is willing to support its commitments to the end.



for Russia's rulers. Their main goal, in the Middle East as elsewhere, was to displace U.S. influence. The ultimate cost of Russia's aid to the Arab world was between \$3 billion and \$4 billion.

**Controlled Trouble.** Uri Ru'anan, an Israeli Kremlinologist who is professor of world politics at Tufts University's Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, observes that "ironically, the Soviets were not interested in whether these countries actually gained their aspirations. Russia was interested in giving arms, but not in their being used. The Russians found, as always, that it is easier to get in than to stay in."

Even though it became the custodial power of the Arab world, the Soviet Union found that it could not control events. While the Soviets had every reason to welcome turbulence in the area,

achieve the elimination of the consequences of aggression."

**Duplex Diplomacy.** Did he mean it? As at least token proof, Russian-made MIGs—more than 100 of them—have arrived in the U.A.R. and Syria to begin replacing the estimated 400 planes destroyed by Israel. Another Cairo arrival was Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny, the third man, with Kosygin and Brezhnev, in the Kremlin's collegial leadership. "The imperialists and their agents imagine that we have come here to exchange small talk," Podgorny told President Gamal Abdel Nasser. "But we will prove to them that we have come here for more than talk. We have come here to frustrate the designs of all conspirators."

In fact, Podgorny's visit was almost certainly more of a political reconnais-

dangerous they become, is a price the Kremlin is paying for ending Khrushchev-style "adventurism."

Now, in Washington's view, the Russians are engaged in a massive reassessment of their entire foreign policy. If not triggered by the Middle East debacle alone, the review is certainly made more urgent by it. The biggest question to be answered is whether Moscow will come down on the side of *détente* or defiance, and the answer to that question could shape world events for years to come. Says one East European diplomat: "They desperately want something to crow about." Moscow's policymakers, who have historically gyrate between common sense and ideological intransigence, could swing toward a hard line. Or they could consult the box score of the last two decades, tot up the strikeouts of international mischief, and opt for cooperation instead.

**Reality v. Rhetoric.** Last week's summitizing for all its euphoric effect on the U.S. press," could hardly sway the balance. As the President himself said later: "One meeting does not make a peace." In fact, though Johnson and Kosygin conducted a highly successful first meeting on the personal level—"They enjoyed one another," said one official—and possibly even eased some of the tensions that had developed since the Middle East went to war June 5, their differences on every critical issue were more clearly etched at Holly Bush than they had been before.

Nonetheless, the parley succeeded in dispelling the phantasmagoria that had issued from the U.N. and beclouded world affairs all week. The meeting substituted reality for rhetoric. And it gave two men, astonishingly alike in their experience of power and their awareness of its limitations, an unexampled opportunity to confront and assess one another. Neither Lyndon Johnson nor Aleksei Kosygin has ever won high acclaim as a diplomatist, but their first encounters proved that both men are as equally equipped for such a conference as any two statesmen the two nations have yet fielded simultaneously.

To their client countries as well as the older nations that profess concern that their fate should largely reside in American and Soviet hands, the non-news of the Summit should in itself be a measure of reassurance. Johnson was no more the plains-Texan wheeler-dealer than was Kosygin a shoe-banging Khrushchev. Both men demonstrated that they are able to survey, if not to solve, the overriding issues with acumen and restraint.

In the aftermath of history's first hotline diplomacy, the most significant aspect of the Smalltown Summit was that it happened. The road toward a meaningful East-West dialogue may even have started at Glassboro, N.J.

® Soviet news outlets gave the initial meeting scant notice. Radio Moscow waited until midnight before announcing that the meeting had even been held.



KOSYGIN AT NIAGARA FALLS  
On the brink of *détente* or defiance?

they could not restrain their clients from provoking an explosion that eventually threatened a direct Russian-U.S. military confrontation—which might well have occurred if the tide of battle three weeks ago had flowed differently and Israel had been faced with extinction.

In their defeat, the Arabs found a scapegoat in the U.S., but they also vented their spleen on their Kremlin friends. "The balance of terror," complained the Algiers daily *El Moudjahid*, has prompted the Russians to "put the preservation of peace before every other consideration" and to relegate their "support for the liberation movements to second place." Even East Germany's Walter Ulbricht was alarmed over Moscow's refusal to risk war. "The nuclear balance between the Soviet Union and the United States," he said, "is to be used as an excuse to start wars of aggression just below the nuclear threshold to eliminate progressive governments."

Thus the pyrotechnic efforts by Kosygin to prove that Moscow meets its obligations. "The Soviet Union," he promised at the U.N., "will undertake all measures within its power, both in the United Nations and outside, in order to

sance than a mission of condolence; it was a classic essay in the kind of duplex diplomacy at which the Russians are masters: talking on one level while acting—or failing to act—on another. Despite the noise and despite even the MIGs, the Russians were obviously playing for time. As evidenced at Holly Bush, Kosygin's visit to the U.S. was also at once a holding action and a salvage operation. Longer-range Russian tactics remained unclear—probably to the Russians themselves.

**Massive Reassessment.** Aside from the obvious uncertainties about the Arab countries, eventual relations with Israel and the political longevity of the principal Arab leaders, the Russians have been suffering from their own where-do-we-go-from-here problems. The system of collective leadership practiced since Khrushchev's removal in 1964—what State Department Policy Planner Zbigniew Brzezinski calls a "regime of clerks"—has resulted in a slow-motion foreign policy that inhibits innovation or quick decision even more effectively than Washington's dinosauric bureaucracy. Moscow's inability to get itself out of its self-dug holes, no matter how



## PROTEST

### The Uninvited

Organizers had billed it in advance as "the biggest antiwar demonstration in history," predicting that up to 50,000 demonstrators would assemble to jeer the President when he arrived at the Century Plaza Hotel in West Los Angeles. The morning of Johnson's speech before a \$500-a-plate President's Club dinner, a three-page ad proclaimed: "As of this date, we 8,000 Democrats of Southern California are disassociating ourselves from you because of your conduct of the war in Viet Nam."

No more than 10,000 Angelinos gathered during the day at Cheviot Hills Recreation Center to hear the thoughts of such speakers as Cassius Clay and Benjamin Spock ("I hate Johnson as much as anyone here").

Near dusk, the demonstrators began the mile-long march to the hotel. Though they had a permit to parade, Santa Monica Superior Court Judge Orlando Rhodes had issued an injunction forbidding them to halt. But the marchers were unable to continue when about 5,000 spectators jammed the street in front of the hotel where Johnson was elaborating on his summit-based hopes for world peace.

About 1,300 police, one of the largest security forces ever gathered in California, unfortunately turned the scene into ugly chaos. They suddenly began flailing their night sticks wildly at students, women and children, who were unable to move as ordered because other police squads were pushing them from the rear and sides. The mass of marchers unavoidably spilled into the police lines, and when they did, they were beaten again. After half an hour, the demonstrators' monitors started to disperse the moiling crowds and avert what might soon have become a far uglier scene than its pacific entrepreneurs ever envisaged.



L.A. COPS & DEMONSTRATOR  
No halt allowed.

## THE PRESIDENCY

### Patrick Lyndon

"That's an elephant, isn't it?" grinned Patrick Nugent. Proud and nervous, Pat announced to reporters at Austin's Seton Hospital that upstairs his wife Luci had just given birth to an 8-lb. 10-oz. son, the President's first grandchild. Name: Patrick Lyndon.

Lady Bird Johnson, who stood by in the hospital during her daughter's six hours' labor and delivery, immediately telephoned the news to her husband at the White House and was joshed about "being a grandma." Hearing about his son-in-law's elephant joke, Grandpa Johnson wired Luci: "I am happy for you and Patrick Sr., and Patrick Lyndon. Our best Heretford heifer is being carried for delivery, consigned to your 9-lb. son, who incidentally I know doesn't look like a donkey, and I hope that his father will quit publicizing him as an elephant. The time has come to get the Republicanism out of these Waukegan products. Love, Daddy." (Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen likes to kid the President that the new father's parents are a pair of staunch Republicans from Waukegan, Ill.)

Not until Patrick Lyndon was nearly four days old could the President find time to visit his grandson on Saturday afternoon, when he brought the baby's \$100 U.S. savings bond—a Johnson family tradition.

## THE CONGRESS

### Burning Issue

The outcome of the bill to make desecration of the flag a federal offense was as predictable as the summer solstice. No less predictable was the House debate on the measure, which consumed 5 hrs. 12 min. and was almost wholly devoted to the oratorical flights that Congressmen usually relegate to the file drawer marked Independence Day. Among the bill's few critics were those who considered its proposed penalties—one year in jail, \$1,000 fine, or both—too mild by half for such offenders.

"Let's deal with these buzzards!" cried South Carolina's Mendel Rivers. Seconded Florida's James Haley: "Load a boat full of them and take them 500 miles out into the ocean and handcuff them, chain the anchor around their necks and throw them overboard."

Only when the Congressmen had talked themselves out, and passed the bill by 385 votes to 16, did they realize that the specific intent of the measure had somehow been overlooked in the patriotic talkfest. Though it had originally been framed as a response to the burning of a U.S. flag in Manhattan's Central Park last May, the bill as passed covered "publicly mutilating, defacing, defiling or trampling upon" the banner but did not in fact mention the act of flag inflammation. That form of desecration will doubtless be reprocessed, with appropriate oratory, in the Senate.



PAT & CIGARS

No elephant jokes, please.

## THE ADMINISTRATION

### Paying the Store

Arkansas' Wilbur Mills is not the kind of Congressman to make the same mistake twice. Earlier this month, when the House of Representatives dealt its Ways and Means Committee chairman—and the Johnson Administration—a humiliating defeat by voting down a routine bill to raise the Federal debt limit, Mills determined to make his own nose count rather than rely on the arithmetic of White House lobbyists. "I'm not moving," Mills vowed to a friend, "until I've got the votes." Last week Mills moved, winning passage of a slightly amended version of the original measure by the ready, mistake-proof margin of 217 votes to 196.

The bill, which is likely to be accepted by the Senate, raises the maximum debt to \$358 billion—\$22 billion above the present figure—and effective July 1, 1968, provides for a further "temporary" increase of \$7 billion. The original proposal, for a one-step increase this year to the same total of \$365 billion, was opposed by House Republicans in a gambit to make headlines with their economy-in-Government line, and they carried along enough Democrats to win. In the second round, Mills and the Administration prevailed by preaching party loyalty and simple economic sense to the Democratic defectors. After all, Administration spokesmen pointed out, the C.O.P.'s success in resisting a raise in the debt ceiling was hardly compatible with its inability to win substantive reductions in the programs that necessitated the raise. As Wilbur Mills sees it, those in the legislative branch of government who opposed increasing the national debt limit were in the position of the man who gives his wife a charge account at a store and then declines to pay her bills.

## THE SENATE

### Taps for Tom

For the better part of nine days, Thomas Joseph Dodd had asked ever more plaintively for an end to the proceedings. "Don't drag me through any more," he implored. "Give me my rest either in sorrow or relief." Last week, as weary of the debate as Dodd himself, the Senate complied. It voted, 92 to 5, to censure the senior Senator from Connecticut for bringing the Senate into "dishonor and disrepute" by wrongfully taking \$116,083 in campaign funds for his own use. He was only the seventh Senator in 178 years to be formally condemned by his colleagues (see box).

The indictment was not greatly softened by the dismissal, 51 to 45, of a lesser count: that Dodd had double-billed both the Government and private groups for some \$1,700 in travel expenses. Many Senators regarded that sum as picaresque in comparison with the misappropriated campaign funds. Many others thought that he should have the benefit of the doubt on his contention that the double-billing was the result of sloppy bookkeeping, not dishonesty. The vote may also have been influenced by the contention of Dodd's self-appointed "defender," Louisiana's Russell Long, that if Tom Dodd, 60, were found guilty in court of willful double-billing, he could be sentenced to ten years in jail and fined \$10,000.

"**Senatorial Heep.**" On the main count there was never much doubt, and Long's marathon defense served only to



DODD AFTER CENSURE  
"Be done with it!"

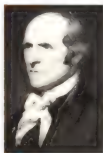
turn a painful exercise into an unseemly ordeal that ended by depriving Dodd of even the last vestige of dignity. Often sentimental, Dodd eventually pleaded his cause with the mawkishness of a white-haired Uriah Heep. "How many times do you want to hang me?" he asked his colleagues. "If you want to do it, be done with it—he done with it! Do away with me, and that will be the end! But in the twilight of my life—and how many years are left to me? Probably few, probably few—I ask you to search your souls about these facts, in the knowledge that every Senator has about others in this body."

"If you want to mark me a thief," he shouted, "do it today, do it before the sun goes down and let me skulk away . . . ashamed to face you tomorrow!" He reminded his colleagues that "you're in a position to destroy me, and I'm aware of it. My life is at stake. I'm not asking much. All I want is a fair shake." For all his histrionics, only three Senators—Connecticut's Abraham Ribicoff, South Carolina's Strom Thurmond and Texas' John Tower—joined Long and Dodd in voting against censure.

"**Princelish.**" Probably the strangest aspect of the Dodd Affair was the havoc it wrought on the once-promising prospects of Russell Long. As chairman of the powerful Finance Committee and Senate Majority Whip, the "Princelish" (his father, the demagogic Huey, was the "Kingfish"), just a few short months ago had every reason to hope that he would follow Mike Mansfield as Majority Leader, perhaps even emerge one day as a vice-presidential candidate. But his wild rant and arrogant tactics in defense of Dodd—coming shortly after an equally bizarre defense of his discredited presidential campaign financing bill—irrevocably alienated many of his colleagues, while actually harming Dodd's case.

As for Tom Dodd, he seemed hardly to understand what had happened. "I truly don't believe," he said, "that I did anything wrong." At a press conference after his censure he declared that he felt compelled to run again in 1970 in order to "vindicate" his name. Meanwhile, both the Justice Department and the Internal Revenue Service are pursuing their own investigations of the Senator's financial nexus.

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PICKERING



TAPPAN



McLAURIN



TILLMAN



BINGHAM



McCARTHY

## PREDECESSORS IN DISGRACE

In its 178-year history, the U.S. Senate has subjected its members to formal censure only six times, prior to the Dodd case. The condemned and the causes of their disgrace:

- Timothy Pickering, a Massachusetts Federalist and former Secretary of State, who in 1810 divulged on the Senate floor a carefully guarded secret message from France's Foreign Minister Talleyrand, weakening the U.S. case in the dispute over ownership of western Florida.
- Benjamin Tappan, Ohio Democrat, who in 1844 smuggled to the old New York Evening Post a copy of the treaty of annexation with the Republic of Texas while the document was still considered confidential.
- John McLaurin and Benjamin ("Pitchfork Ben") Till-

man, both South Carolina Democrats, who exchanged insults—then blows—on the Senate floor in 1902, giving rise to Senate Rule XIX, which bars senatorial character assassination.

► Hiram Bingham, Connecticut Republican, for arranging a Senate staff post in 1929 for a lobbyist, who remained on the payroll of the Manufacturers Association of Connecticut while attending closed sessions of the Finance Committee.

► Joseph McCarthy, the Wisconsin Republican who made wild and unsubstantiated accusations of Communist subversion against Government officials and others, was censured in 1954 on charges of abusing the two committees assigned to investigate his official behavior.

## POLITICAL NOTES

### Party for George

Alabama's George Wallace has insisted all along that he will be a third-party presidential candidate only if the Democrats and Republicans nominate candidates whose views he opposes. Last week Wallace could wait no longer. With his blessing, right-wing California Publicist William K. Shearer, 36, launched the American Independent Party, with plans to organize state committees nationwide.

A.I.P.'s platform is the straight anti-civil rights, anti-big government Wallace line. The party's purpose is to give George "ballot position" without giving up any of his political options. He will be free to enter Democratic primaries and stay in the presidential race whatever their outcome.

### Prediction from Barry

Republican Barry Goldwater, for one, took a dim view of Wallace's machinations. "Wallace can elect Johnson more than anything you can think of," said Barry at a California meeting of businessmen. He pegged the G.O.P.'s 1968 presidential chances at "less than fifty-fifty." Wallace's candidacy would cut deeply into the votes for a moderate Republican, especially in the South.

As for the House of Representatives, said Barry, G.O.P. "gains will be made from all over the country"—maybe enough to give the Republicans control. In the Senate, he predicted, "I'm sure it's possible to pick up five to eight seats. I haven't given enough thought to just where they will come from—outside of me going back."

## REPUBLICANS

### Omaha Handshake

"Every time you put your hand out," complained one top national Republican, "they spit in it." The metaphor may have been a little crude, but it could hardly have described more exactly relations between the national G.O.P. organization and the Young Republican National Federation. After a week of attempted handholding with a Y.R. convention in Omaha last week, senior Republicans may well have decided that it is easier to get along with Democrats.

Rigidly controlled by an ultraconservative clique known as the "syndicate," the Young Republicans have been an embarrassment to party professionals for years. The 1963 convention degenerated into a near riot when rightists told moderates to "go back to Russia." The dominant faction in New Jersey, which not inappropriately called itself the "Rat Finks," later made headlines with its penchant for songs lampooning Jews and Negroes.

As the convention opened, the G.O.P. national leadership—hand politely extended—asked for just a little more consideration. After all, the party subsidizes the Y.R. treasury to the tune of

around \$90,000 a year. Could it not at least have veto power over the choice of the Y.R. executive director whose salary it pays? Only slim hope that the convention might comply was summarily dashed when Barry Goldwater advised against giving in: "Don't let them do it."

Nor did they. At week's end, the Young Republicans were just as independent as they were at the beginning. Not only did they reject all overtures from the National Committee; they also seated a right-wing Rhode Island delegation officially disbanded by the Republican state chairman, and refused to

## AGRICULTURE

### The Rich Get Richer

Indicting farm subsidies as "a multimillion-dollar Great Society giveaway," Delaware Republican John Williams told the Senate last week that five U.S. farms in 1966 collected more than \$1,000,000 each in acreage diversion, price support and other payments.

The big harvesters and the programs under which they received payments as listed by the Agriculture Department: Griffen, Inc., Huron, Calif., \$2,397,073 (cotton); South Lake Farms, Five Points, Calif., \$1,468,696 (cotton and



GOLDWATER AT Y.R. CONVENTION

Rightists, "Rat Finks," and \$90,000 worth of reluctance.

recognize the duly elected New Jersey contingent because it was opposed by the "Rat Finks."

"We Want Reagan!" Though Goldwater was their hero, California's Ronald Reagan was obviously their new political sex symbol. As Reagan entered the cavernous Omaha Sports Arena for the final night's speechmaking, applause quickly turned into a fevered five-minute chant of "We want Reagan! We want Reagan!" The Governor's speech, a pallid recitation of his administration's accomplishments contrasted with the "non-accomplishments" of the Johnson Administration, was interrupted more than 20 times for further applause, and as he left the hall, the delegates resumed their chant: "We want Reagan! We want Reagan!"

In rejecting even the loosest rein from the national party, the federation may have gone too far. Several high-ranking Republicans called for a complete shake-up of the Y.R.s, and more than one indicated he would ask for another look at that \$90,000 subsidy. "These were just little things we asked for," fumed one party elder, "and they laughed in our face."

feed grains): J. G. Boswell Co., Corcoran, Calif., \$2,807,633 (cotton); Salyer Land Co., also of Corcoran, \$1,014,860 (cotton and feed grains); and Hawaiian Commercial & Sugar Co., Honolulu, \$1,236,355 (sugar). Eleven other farms collected more than \$500,000 each; 258 received between \$100,000 and \$500,000.

With furrowed brow, Williams called for a \$10,000 ceiling on all direct farm subsidies. "Based upon these large payments," he said, "it is obvious that the small family-type farmer is not the real beneficiary of our present farm program, but rather the Government is subsidizing an expansion of the corporate type of farming operation."

Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman had a testy reply: "Our farm commodity programs work because farmers cooperate in diverting acreages from surplus crop production into soil-conserving uses. Many of them do this at a financial sacrifice because they know balanced supplies are in the interests of all farmers. Commodity program payments are not welfare grants." Nor, he might have added, are many of their recipients exactly welfare cases.



CLAY AFTER SENTENCING  
*Duped down from greatness.*

## THE DRAFT

K.O. for Cass

The Houston jury was out only 21 minutes—just three minutes longer than it took the defendant to become world's heavyweight champion in 1964. But this time there was no surprise at the outcome. Muhammad Ali, otherwise known as Cassius Marcellus Clay, 25, was convicted of refusing induction into the U.S. Army. At his request, sentencing was immediate: five years in jail and a \$10,000 fine, the maximum penalty.

Clay had claimed that he was exempt from the draft because he was a minister of the fanatic Black Muslims. Yet in March 1966 he had proudly listed his occupation as "world's heavyweight champion," styling himself a minister of Allah only last August, six months after he had been classified 1A by his Louisville draft board. The court found the sequence more than coincidental.

Clay had said that he would "take anything that comes like a man," and he kept his word. Though H. Rap Brown, 23, rabble-rousing leader of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, attached himself to the former champ during the first day of the trial, Clay refused to lend himself to Black Power demagoguery. And when U.S. Attorney Morton Susman, who both likes and admires Clay, suggested that "the Greatest" was nothing more than a hapless dupe of the Muslims, who had used him for their own political ends, Clay quickly interjected: "If I can say so, sir, my religion is not political in no way."

Federal District Judge Lee Ingraham indicated that if Clay failed to reverse his conviction on appeal to higher courts, he would consider reducing sentence to something closer to the average 18 months usually given in such cases. Whatever the final sentence, it appears unlikely that Clay—still indisput-

ably the best heavyweight in the world—will ever again be a championship contender. As he himself once noted: "I just said I was the greatest, not the smartest."

## CRIME

### Busting RAM

Through the small hours, the grand jury chambers of New York City's Queens County courthouse swarmed with police officers and district attorney's men. Then, when search warrants had been signed, teams of detectives organized, and watches synchronized, 150 cops fanned out in 15 different directions, heading for silent houses in Queens and other parts of New York City and Long Island. Minutes after sunrise, the squads simultaneously rapped on 15 doors and arrested a surprisingly respectable group of 16 Negro citizens. Among them were Assistant Junior High School Principal Herman Ferguson, 47, Brooklyn Schoolteacher Ursula West, 28, and Michelle Kaurouma, 24, the attractive wife of a French Guinean student. At almost the same time in Philadelphia, police arrested a 17th suspect.

Police said that all 17 were members of a small group of Negro terrorists calling themselves the Revolutionary Action Movement (RAM), the same organization that, billing itself as the Black Liberation Front, had cooked up a cabal two years ago to blow up the Statue of Liberty, the Washington Monument and the Liberty Bell. This time, according to police, under the cover title of the Jamaica Rifle and Pistol Club, RAM members were drawing up a plot to assassinate N.A.A.C.P. Executive Director Roy Wilkins, Urban League Executive Director Whitney Young Jr., and at least three other moderate Negro leaders. The apparent idea was to blame the killings on whites and inspire nationwide racial uprisings. The only hitch in RAM's secret plans was that New York City police had been chronicling its activities for two years and had apparently infiltrated a Negro rookie cop into

the group. Throughout the U.S., according to the FBI, the organization has an active membership of about 50.

Last week, alerted that RAM was about to start the terror, the cops moved. Along with the prisoners, they seized more than 30 weapons, including a machine gun and ten rifles. They also found portraits of Chairman Mao, tracts on Communist revolutionary strategy and Red Chinese flags.

Only slightly unsettled by the plot, Roy Wilkins remarked: "All of us in this movement are accustomed to threats. We recognize that this is an occupational hazard. This is the first time an alleged threat has been reported from a Negro group."

## CITIES

### Recipe for Riot

It was not a Harlem or a Watts or a Hough, or any of a dozen other big-city slums where rotting tenements and crestfallen store fronts can spell riot on sweltering summer nights. Yet Atlanta's Dixie Hills—600 cheap apartment units built within the last decade—had all of the classic ingredients for violence, and four nights of turmoil last week added Atlanta to the list of cities that have been hit by ghettoism this spring and summer.

The first night's unrest started with a scuffle in front of a Dixie Hills supermarket between a Negro security guard and a Negro youth with a can of beer; the second night's with the arrest of Black Power Leader Stokely Carmichael, 26, and four companions, for disregarding police orders to leave the area. Undaunted, Carmichael returned the next night to demonstrate his peculiar flair for inflammable oratory.

Raising his audience to the sought-for pitch, Carmichael claimed that the police had everybody marked and were ready to shoot. He asked his listeners not to clap for applause because that would only let off steam. "That's our trouble," he said, "We've been letting off steam when we should have slapped some heads." Rocks and bottles were



KAUROMA



FERGUSON



WEST

*Carrying the attack beyond mere monuments, statues and bells.*



soon whizzing through the air, windows of police squad cars were shattered, and eight persons were arrested, Carmichael, by this time, was dancing the boogaloo at a downtown nightclub.

**"The Trouble Is..."** Yet for all of Stokely's rabble-rousing, a band of youths similar to the "white hats" who proved so effective in Tampa and Dayton (see following story) was recruited the next day to help dampen any potential riot sparks. Dixie Hills looked as if it might avoid serious bloodshed. Shortly after dark, however, there was another brief flurry of rock throwing, and a Molotov cocktail landed at the feet of policemen patrolling the area. Almost instantaneously at least one shotgun

## How to Cool It

Something was in fact being done to avert racial violence in the slums this summer.

In Tampa, Fla., Dayton, Atlanta and Boston, all of them already scarred by riots this season, city officials and Negro community leaders have hit upon one device that is at least promising: the formation of "white hat" patrols, young Negroes enlisted to police their own neighborhoods, thus reducing hazardous friction between ghetto dwellers and police.

**"Uncle Tom."** At the height of the Tampa riots this month, Community Relations Commission Director James

Some cities are making a start. In Chicago, the Negro newspaper, Daily Defender, has launched an extensive "Keep a Cool Summer" campaign, prodding the city to extend evening playground hours and build public swimming pools, sponsoring a contest offering \$1,000 for the best plan for peace in the ghetto, persuading thousands of residents to take a "Cool It" pledge.

While most major cities lean on federal poverty funds or routine municipal recreation and job-finding agencies to offer nonriotous outlets for the dissident and poor, New York has set out to spread much of the responsibility among its own conscientious citizens.



FALLEN RIOTER IN ATLANTA



CLAIROL PERFORMERS IN CENTRAL PARK

*Toward nonriotous outlets for the dissident.*

blast was fired, killing an onlooker and injuring three others, one critically. Though police insisted that a sniper had fired the shot, all four victims were indisputably hit with the No. 00 shot used by police.

Whatever the direct cause of last week's bloodshed, the underlying malaise in Dixie Hills is obvious enough. Rats and roaches infest every building, plumbing is erratic, owners refuse to make repairs or even plant grass in the dusty, barren areas between buildings. Trash and garbage have been collected irregularly, gaping holes in the streets have gone unrepaired, and recreational facilities have been nonexistent. Most serious, more than half of the younger men are unemployed. "They just hang around the streets," says Richard Freeman, chairman of the board of aldermen's police committee. "The trouble is, nobody does anything until you have some trouble like this."

His point could not have been better underscored than by the bexy of city workers who descended on the area in the quiet days that followed. Trash was collected, potholes in the streets were repaired, an access road was started to a small park several blocks away. Unfortunately for Dixie Hills, action had come too late.

Hammond cunningly located five Negro gang leaders, all but one of them with police records, outfitted them with white helmets and arm bands, and persuaded them to preach calm and restraint in the streets (TIME, June 23). As the volunteer patrol grew to 150, the leaders were astonished at its popularity. "In my neighborhood," said one, "as many as five or six guys would share one helmet. They'd say, 'Hey, man, it's my turn to wear that.'"

Inevitably, there were sneers of "Uncle Tom." In Atlanta, Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee Chairman H. Rap Brown growled: "To the brothers putting on the white hats—you are to be regarded as traitors, and will be dealt with as traitors." But in Dayton, where the youth patrol of 30 effectively broke up disorderly crowds and performed liaison between their peers and police, many Negro residents told the white hats: "God bless you!"

**Long Cold Winter.** However successful the youth patrols may be in extinguishing ghetto explosions, they represent at best an expedient. "Everyone is worrying about the long hot summer," Martin Luther King Jr. observed last week. "We had a long cold winter when little was done about the conditions that create riots."

Fifty-five businessmen have enlisted in Mayor John Lindsay's Citizens Summer Committee project, which is co-chaired by Metropolitan Museum of Art Director (and former City Parks Commissioner) Thomas Hoving and Time Inc. Board Chairman Andrew Heiskell. Some \$500,000 in corporation cash has already poured in to pay for summer recreation programs. One project that got underway this month was the Clairol Caravan, a touring company that is bringing fashion shows, rock 'n' roll concerts and other entertainment to 30 small parks all over the country—including New York's Central Park. New York companies have "contributed" more than 5,000 jobs for the poor to augment the list of 14,000 jobs already filled by the Neighborhood Youth Corps. The Citizens Summer Committee's pitch: "Don't come around in August asking what went wrong."

Some members of the U.S. Congress, meantime, had a notion of where part of the trouble comes from. Last week a subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee rushed through a bill that would make a federal crime punishable by up to five years in jail and \$10,000 in fines, to cross a state boundary to "incite, organize, promote or encourage" a riot.

# THE WORLD

## UNITED NATIONS

### The Psychedelic Debate

From the hippy haunts of Manhattan's Greenwich Village, it is a long city mile to United Nations Headquarters on the shore of the East River. But last week, as the U.N. General Assembly began its Mideast debate, it was an open question whether the hippies or some of the delegates were farther out. Most of the speeches sounded like part of an ambassadorial he-in, a surreal exercise in psychodiplomacy.

France's usually impeccable Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville offered an embarrassed echo of his boss, Charles de Gaulle. The real cause of the Arab-Israeli war, he suggested lamely, was U.S. involvement in Viet Nam. Foreign Minister Birame Mamadou Wane of Mauritania argued that Israel's "Zionist expansionism" was somehow connected to *apartheid* in South Africa. Syrian President Nureddin At-tassi, who spent most of his time before the war inciting Arab armies to "wipe Israel off the face of the earth," charged that "Israeli neocolonialism is based in its essence on the total extermination of the Arab people." And Israel would not stop with the Arabs, warned Egypt's Deputy Prime Minister Mahmoud Fawzi: "In 1956, Egypt was singled out for attack. In 1967, Syria and Jordan have been brought in. Who is next? You? You? You? You in Africa, Asia, Latin America, the Balkans and God knows where else?"

**Open Shrines.** All the inane charges could not mask the embarrassing truth that after a six-day war, Israel does indeed hold territory that the Arabs would dearly like to get back. In a rational world, Israel's terms would not seem overly harsh. What it asks in exchange for the land it has conquered is not a return to its dangerous existence before the war but a guarantee that it can live in peace. "Our watchword is not backward to belligerence, but forward to peace," explained its ever-elloquent Foreign Minister Abba Eban. Israel's prime demand, he said, is Arab acceptance of its right to exist. And Israel is pressing for direct peace talks with Egypt, Jordan and Syria, the Arab nations whose armies it defeated. It also demands the right of passage through the Suez Canal and the Gulf of Aqaba.

Defiantly rejecting the "intemperate utterance" of Russia's Alekssei Kosygin, who preceded him in the rostrum, Eban spelled out the actions of Moscow and the Arab states themselves as unassailable proof of who was responsible for the Mideast war. Rather than accept Israel's "sovereign right to existence," Eban said, the Arabs adopted a "doctrine of 'day-by-day military confrontation.'" Rather than working for peace, Russia "has for 14 years afflicted the Middle East with a headlong armaments

race." Eban read off the deadly catalogue of Russian arms that had been delivered to the Arabs; he reminded Kosygin that five times Russia had used its veto to prevent the Security Council from condemning Arab aggression.

There was something else in the Russian diatribes that made Israel even angrier. "The U.S.S.R. has formulated an obscene comparison between the Israel defense forces and the Hitlerite hordes which overran Europe in the Second World War," Eban said. "There is a flagrant breach of international morality and human decency in this comparison. Our nation never compromised with Hitler Germany. It never signed a pact with it, as did the U.S.S.R. in 1939. To associate the name of Israel with



ISRAEL'S EBAN  
Can impasse lead to peace?

the accursed tyrant who engulfed the Jewish people in a tidal wave of slaughter is to violate every canon of elementary taste and fundamental truth." While Eban was speaking, Kosygin got up from his seat and walked out of the Assembly. He had a luncheon engagement, he explained.

A formal peace treaty, Eban concluded, would be Israel's best guarantee that its Arab neighbors would cease their "design at politicide—the murder of a state." Such a treaty, he insisted, would also bring enormous benefits to the whole troubled area. Israel, for example, would give Jordan—whose only present port is on the Gulf of Aqaba—an outlet to the Mediterranean. It would promote a joint program of economic and social advancement and a regional communications system that would permit rail and road traffic between Egypt and its Arab brothers from Saudi Arabia to Lebanon.

For all the reason and reasonableness

of the Israeli terms, they have thus far been rejected outright by the defeated Arabs. With the sole exception of Tunisia, whose President, Habib Bourguiba, has long argued for making peace with Israel, the Arab governments still refuse to recognize the existence of the Jewish state. At the U.N. last week, the Arab nations and their supporters seemed determined to win back by diplomacy what their armies had lost in battle.

**Defensive Winner.** In that forlorn effort, the Arabs were not without friends. At the head of the list were Russia and the rest of the Soviet bloc, which would like nothing better than to keep the Middle East in chaos, prevent it from supplying oil to the West, and drive the U.S. completely out of the area. There were also the nonaligned states, which regard Nasser as one of their prophets. There was India, which never loses a chance to woo Arab support for its Kashmir dispute with Moslem Pakistan. And there were some Black African nations whose leaders feel themselves bound to support Nasser in the cause of African unity. A speaker after speaker sounded off, the winner of the war in the Middle East found itself in the curious position of having to fight a defensive battle in the U.N. "Israel," said Abba Eban, "stands lonely amongst numerous and powerful adversaries."

As the week wore on, though, Israel was reminded that it was not as lonely as Eban had thought. Communist Rumania's Premier Ion Gheorghe Maurer broke publicly with the Moscow line, called for direct "negotiations and agreements" between Israel and the Arabs. He promised his government's help in reaching a settlement based on peaceful coexistence. U.S. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg spoke up for Israel on the floor of the Assembly, and U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk worked energetically in a series of private sessions with delegates from Latin America and 13 French-speaking African nations.

One of Israel's friends turned out to be a dismal disappointment. British Foreign Secretary George Brown suggested that the Israelis return the Old City of Jerusalem to Jordan, went on to propose just the sort of solution that the Israelis have said they can never again accept: a U.N.-dictated peace, with terms that would be imposed on both sides but, as in 1949 and 1956, not necessarily subscribed to by either.

When the talking in the General Assembly finally ends, the result will most likely be an impasse: a resolution so watered down as to be meaningless, or no resolution at all. Thus, with the prodding of the U.S. and the urging of Russia, the Arabs—or at least the reasonable men among them—may realize that the next best move is to sit down at a conference table with Israel.



NASSER & PODGORNÝ AT CAIRO AIRPORT  
Guess who won the war?

## THE ARABS

### Divided in Defeat

The scene had an almost eerie unreality. There was Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser, architect of his nation's most staggering defeat, beaming to the crowds with the confidence of a conqueror. And there was an equally ebullient Soviet President Nikolai V. Podgorný, outwardly unconcerned that his latest Middle East adventure was dissolving like a Sahara mirage. When the smiling Presidents met at Cairo International Airport last week, Podgorný took Nasser's hand and held it high in a boxer's victory gesture. It was almost as if a dazed Sonny Liston, having just been counted out, had staggered to his feet and claimed a knockout over Cassius Clay. "We will fight to victory," the airport crowds chanted. "Down with American imperialism!"

To hear Nasser and the rest of the Arab world tell it, they had not only clobbered Israel: they were getting ready to do it all over again. Egypt, which lost 356 planes and 700 tanks in the war, was receiving regular shipments of Soviet MIGs and tanks. To make up for the 15,000 Egyptian soldiers killed, captured or missing, Nasser simply recalled 15,000 of his troops from Yemen. Why not? They had not been notoriously successful there either.

"We Will Call the Shots." Though the cease-fire had been in effect for more than ten days, Cairo chose to remain a city under siege. Windows stayed blacked out, sandbags and anti-bomb walls were still being built in front of public buildings, people were still being stopped for security checks. Huge ack-ack guns clanked their way through the city streets. The Arab Socialist Union, Egypt's only political party, began recruiting a popular militia. To keep returning Egyptian troops from spilling the real battle story, Nasser quarantined them outside Cairo; and many families that lost sons or husbands in

the war have not yet been notified of their deaths.

Almost as if it believed its own words, Cairo's semiofficial newspaper, Al-Ahram, continued to accuse the U.S. of sending its planes to fight for Israel. Now the paper even claimed that the U.S. "planned and led" the attack. "Let no one think we will talk peace with the aggressors," bristled a Cairo newspaper editor. "The war is not over. We are preparing for the second round, and this time we will call the shots." To make sure he would do the shot calling, Nasser sacked his Prime Minister, named himself to the job, organized a new 28-man Cabinet, and took full charge of the Arab Socialist Union.

In three days of talks with Podgorný, Nasser sought more arms, economic aid—and even more important—sorely needed reaffirmation of Soviet friendship. Whatever promises he received, he may well have received a warning along with them—an order to cool his belligerence at least for a while. For Russia remains deeply nettled with Nasser for his inept military performance and his cocky determination to accept only hardware, not advice, from Moscow. This time around, Nasser will have to make concessions.

Not to be outdone by Egypt, other Arab states jumped back into the arms race. Syria, which lost 90% of its 70-plane air force, got 25 MIGs from Eastern Europe, at least three Soviet ships and another from Algeria docked at the port of Latakia with shrouded deck cargoes that looked unmistakably like tanks. Algeria and Iraq began bargaining for more arms from Eastern Europe, and from Jordan. King Hussein sent a hurried mission to Saudi Arabia to seek new weapons. Besides building for war, Arab leaders realize all too well that a strong army may be their only means of staying in power once the full shock of defeat sets in.

**Barefoot & Bloody.** Though they could not seem to face up to the fact that they had taken a beating, the Arabs could not avoid the problems that the beating created. At the new Israeli border with Jordan, Arab refugees poured across the war-torn Allenby Bridge, clinging to twisted girders, edging their pathetic way on planks and boards. Some were barefoot and bloody. Almost everyone brought only the clothes on his back, and some wore three or four outfits in the scorching sun. Tons of relief supplies arrived in Jordan, but distribution collapsed, and food and medicine piled up at the Amman airport. Last week hundreds of refugees—hungry and homeless—began heeding the advice of Jordanian officials and returning to occupied Jordan to "await liberation." Traffic and the problems of processing became so great, however, that Israel finally had to bar any further re-entry.

The flood of refugees only aggravated the Arabs' financial loss. Jordan's tourism, the nation's biggest foreign-ex-

change earner (\$35 million yearly), was steadily drying up after the loss of the Old City of Jerusalem. The closing of the Suez Canal was costing Egypt \$600,000 a day, and the loss of tourism another \$1,500,000 a week. Lebanon's big hotels were almost empty, and many of its nightclubs and discotheques were closing down. "At least someone is helping the refugees," moaned one Lebanese nightclub owner. "But nobody is doing anything for me."

**Disunity as Usual.** Even when the Arab countries did try to do something, they got nowhere. In the first meeting of all 13 Arab League states since 1965, Arab Foreign Ministers gathered in steamy (120°), sandy Kuwait for seven hours to work out a united policy. Hardly had they shaken hands when they came out fighting as usual. The socialist left—including Egypt, Algeria, Syria, Iraq and Yemen—wanted all oil states to cut off shipments to the outside world. More moderate—and more oil-rich—Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Libya said they preferred to limit the ban to the U.S. and Britain. How could the Arabs raise revenues, asked the moderates, if no oil flowed? All agreed on the need for an Arab summit meeting; there was no agreement on the location.

As an added problem, a new power rivalry began building between Algerian Strongman Houari Boumediene, 41, and Syria's President Nureddin Attassi, 37; each was obviously anxious to replace Nasser as the new leader of the Arab left. Boumediene hurried to become the first Arab leader to fly off to Moscow after the Middle East debacle. Attassi quickly followed him, then went Boumediene one better by flying on from Moscow to New York, becoming the first Arab head of state to attend this session of the United Nations General Assembly. Though neither man has the popular following to threaten Nasser's leadership, between them they

CROSSING ALLENBY BRIDGE



could put a crimp in any return to so-called Arab unity.

Out of the din of disunity, only one Arab leader emerged as reasonable, rational and restrained—Jordan's spunky little King Hussein. Last week Hussein turned his back on the shrill propaganda and admitted there was no proof of earlier Egyptian-Jordanian charges that U.S. and British planes supported the Israeli attack. He also criticized the Arab left for rushing into the Soviet camp and making the war an East-West affair rather than the Arab-Israeli fight that it was. "This is not my policy, and I will not adopt this attitude," he said. "The Arab nation must work out its own policy." With that, Hussein, too, decided to come to the U.N. to plead the Arab cause.

Leaders have already begun to lobby for the erection of a Third Temple (see RE-110083), although a commission of Muslims and Christians to administer the holy places of each religion. They have promised freedom of access to all shrines in a Jerusalem entirely under Israeli control.

**Policing the Vanquished.** Such arrangements may be hard to put into practice. Still, it is people, not real estate, who are causing the most difficulty. From the stifling Sinai to the banks of the Jordan River and the Golan Heights of Syria, Israel is now responsible for the welfare of 1,330,000 hostile Arabs, more than a million of whom are impoverished refugees from the 1948 Arab-Israeli conflict. Not only

In Gaza City, when the municipal council convened for the first time since the shooting started, everyone was embarrassed when the mayor read aloud the minutes of the last meeting, at which an outlay of 5,000 Egyptian pounds had been approved for Ahmed Shukairy's Palestinian Liberation Army. The appropriation was quickly canceled.

When the situation has called for toughness, the Israelis have supplied it in good measure. They blew up huts where arms caches were found; Arab commandos picked out of a crowd by hooded informers were summarily shipped off to P.O.W. camps. In Jerusalem, soldiers evicted Arabs from what was once the Jewish quarter of the Old City, and Israeli Intelligence units made good use of captured Jordanian documents that listed agents of Shukairy's army. The agents were seized and forced to cross the river into Jordan. In occupied Syria, where snipers once terrorized Israeli border kibbutzim, the army tightly guarded captured towns even though most of the Syrians had fled.

**Rotting Enemy.** Besides the burden of the Arab refugees, the cost of war was counted in endless other tasks involving men, material and money. Not only did the Israelis have 679 of their own dead to mourn, but they had to bury the last of the enemy rotting in the desert. In the Sinai, they also faced a massive engineering job, clearing away the accumulation of Egyptian armor—Arab tanks and trucks piled on top of one another in their desperate flight through the Mitla Pass. All repairable vehicles were loaded on trailers and trucked back to Israel.

As for money, the reckoning of the cost of the war was already rising into hundreds of millions of dollars. Mobilization of the reserves alone cost more than \$100 million. During the fighting, the country lost about \$35 million in industrial output and another \$10 million in export trade. Last week the government moved to avert an economic crisis by pushing through an emergency budget of \$117 million that called for a special defense tax on income, property and gasoline. About \$150 million is expected to flow into Israel from collections made by the United Jewish Appeal in the U.S. Even though the government had simply printed money to pay for the war, there were few signs of inflation. So far, prices have been remarkably stable. And to assure their supply of foreign exchange, Israelis have started an energetic bid for tourist dollars. Already, in Bethlehem, which was taken over from Jordan, souvenir vendors are stocking Stars of David alongside their rosaries and crosses.

**"Outstretched Hand."** In politics, the Israelis have displayed the same single-minded efficiency as on the battlefield. The Israeli Cabinet worked overtime all last week putting together a platform for negotiations. Foreign Minister Abba Eban denied that he is at odds with Defense Minister Moshe Dayan over how



ISRAELIS QUESTIONING ARAB WOMAN ABOUT GAZA ARMS CACHE  
*People, not real estate, are the main problem.*

## ISRAEL

### Efficient Conquerors

While the Arabs tried to talk their way out of military disaster, the Israeli is faced up to problems that mounted in the wake of their swiftest military triumph since Joshua brought down the walls of Jericho. Theirs was the pride of triumph, but theirs, too, were the enormous obligations involved in any conquest of people and property.

Property was the least of the problems. Indeed, sooner or later, Israel's newly bloated borders may undergo drastic shrinkage by negotiation. There is no great urge, for example, to stay in the empty wastes of the Sinai Desert. And rather than maintain a garrison at Sharm el Sheikh, Israel would prefer to see that distant outpost demilitarized and put under international control.

Jerusalem, though, is another matter. No U.N. resolution of Arab bluster is likely to shake Israeli determination to stay in the Old City. Some religious

must those Arabs be led and housed. Israel's small army must somehow police them and weed out saboteurs—a task immensely complicated by the fact that perhaps one-third of Egypt's estimated 150,000-man army in the Sinai seems to have melted away into the Arab communities of the peninsula. There are also the resister Gaza refugees, who emerged as a commando army during the fighting and afterward slipped quietly back into their Cashbah-like warrens of tin-roofed shacks. To maintain order, Israel has had to keep about 80% of its 230,000 army reservists in uniform.

Despite such difficulties, the Israelis have succeeded in restoring normalcy to an astonishing degree. They have patterned their occupational activities on U.S. methods in Japan, and they have handed back authority to the mayors and the city councils of the Arab towns. Arab officials have been encouraged to restore water service, electricity and garbage collection to their communities. New currency systems have been devised, and shops have been reopened.





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much territory Israel is willing to yield. Only the Communists in the Knesset raised a momentary fuss when they charged Israeli troops with looting and acts of atrocity. Defense Minister Moshe Dayan dismissed the charge out of hand. "An army of regulars and reservists of various ages and psychological drives cannot be perfect," he said. "I assume the Israeli army is not as bad as other armies." Later, even the Communists went along with a motion to bar for the time being any further debate that might embarrass the government.

Such solidarity is not surprising in a nation long inured to the threat of extinction. It also reflects an impatience to get on with the job of peacemaking. Premier Eshkol visited the Sharm el Sheikh garrison, reminded its men that there, on the Strait of Tiran, Nasser's blockade began the trouble. And there he announced that he was ready to talk peace with any Arab leader who would listen. "I hope that my outstretched hand will not be spurned by those who have the power to accept it," he said. Then he vowed that if rebuffed, "Israel is capable of taking care of itself." On that, there is no argument.

## FRANCE

### View from the Pique

After the Arabs and the Soviet Union, the most frustrated diplomatic casualty of the Middle East warfare was Charles de Gaulle. Even though his longtime friend and ally, Israel, had won its victory by the skillful use of French planes and tanks, the French President felt that he had been doublecrossed. "I told them: 'Don't be the first to attack,'" he remarked bitterly to a French Deputy. "Despite that, they did attack first. I hold it against them for having done that."

To make matters worse, the Israelis were not the only people who seemed to be studiously ignoring De Gaulle's advice. The Soviets scorned his appeal for a four-power conference on Viet Nam. The U.S. spurned his counsels on Viet Nam. And then Red China unexpectedly exploded an H-bomb, ample proof that it had moved itself far in front of France in the nuclear sweepstakes.

After days of sulking, *le grand Charles* took out his pique in public. From the Middle East crisis to China's H-bomb, the cause of all the world's troubles, he declared, is the war "unleashed in Viet Nam by American intervention." Peace in the Middle East is only possible once conflict has ended in Viet Nam, he said, and that end can only be achieved "by America's pledging to withdraw its forces within a specified time." As

for Israel, "France accepts as final none of the changes effected on the terrain through military action."

**Gibes & Outrage.** The response to such diatribes was as quick as it was predictable. In leftist Algeria, where France has a big stake in oil production, the semiofficial newspaper lauded De Gaulle's "customary lucidity," his "striking lesson of wisdom and political courage." L'Humanité, the French Communist daily, praised the President's stand. And the official French radio network ecstatically reported that "all eyes" in New York had suddenly swiveled toward Paris.

But the ludicrous sight of a disappointed politician trying to talk himself into a position of prominence only made material for cartoonists' gibes. Everyone was quick to recall how France had continued to supply arms to Israel right up to the moment that fighting began—and perhaps well after. And even as President De Gaulle decried world tensions, his high-pressure salesmen were doing their best to contribute to another arms buildup—this one in Latin America of all places—by trying to sell their newest antitank missiles and supersonic jets to Peru.

The French people, who are overwhelmingly in support of Israel, were outraged at De Gaulle's cynicism. And they made their displeasure known. Even the usually Gaullist daily, *Paris Presse*, reported that De Gaulle was being accused of "an acute attack of visceral anti-Americanism, megalomania, soliciting of Arab customers, and sabotage of the Johnson-Kosygin meeting." The editors' conclusion: "Not everything is wrong in these explanations."



"THE NEW GRANDEUR"  
Ludicrous sight.

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### Reminiscence on a River

This time of the year, when the monsoons flood the Mekong Delta, water is everywhere. The canals, which are the roads of the region, run long and straight from swollen rivers. All war plans inevitably involve boats. Under cover of night, the Communists cart their troops and supplies in flotillas of long, narrow, shallow-draft sampans; the same boats that carry the enemy to battle take him away when he retreats.

Last week U.S. troops tried the same sort of tactics—with far different equipment. As ground fighting flared up after a two-week lull, the Navy, Army and Air Force teamed with South Vietnamese regulars and staged a river assault reminiscent of Civil War engagements on the Lower Mississippi. They steamed off to battle in a "river assault flotilla" consisting of two converted World War II armored troop carriers and one "Monitor" gunboat that can slither along like water moccasins in shallow inlets and stand up to direct hits from recoilless rifles.

The scrap began as a search-and-destroy operation. The floating troop carriers dropped off two U.S. infantry battalions and one ARVN battalion at three scattered points along the Rach Hui River 17 miles south of Saigon, and the troops fanned out looking for action. When one company made contact with a Viet Cong battalion on the river, the boats rushed reinforcements up, and five air strikes were called in along with armed helicopters and the miniguns of the converted C-47s known as Puff the Magic Dragon. The Monitor and troop carriers opened up at almost point-blank range with their own 20-mm. and 40-mm. cannons and 81-mm. mortars. The Navy gunners even sent shells skipping off the surface of a pond in order to drop them onto enemy positions.

"We kept laying the fire in," says Navy Lieut. Augustine Marana, 37, "and just chopped the trees down." The fight raged on into the night by the light of flares, and the next day 250 of the Viet Cong's 300-man force were dead. The U.S. lost 48.

**Dishing It Out.** The Americans had barely savored one of their biggest victories of the year, however, when a North Vietnamese battalion pinned down a U.S. airborne company in the Central Highlands and gave them a bad mauling. After three banzai charges that brought the North Vietnamese within grenade range, the fighting became so close and intense that air strikes and artillery could not be called in. The Americans lost 76 men, including four of the company's five officers. But

they dished it out in spite of their losses. Enemy dead were estimated at 475.

The Viet Cong tried to overrun the 11th Armored Cavalry the same way—with far different results. Bivouacked in an open field 53 miles east of Saigon, the Americans were hit just before midnight by Viet Cong mortar and recoilless-rifle fire. "The V.C. were loaded for bear," said U.S. Army Major David Doyle. "They were well outfitted and their equipment was new." But in a sharp, short fight, the cavalry lost only nine men, the enemy 56.

When they made their retreat, however, the Viet Cong ran into an exploring American patrol and killed nine of its ten members. In two other clashes in the northern coastal provinces of the country, U.S. troops killed 130 of the Viet Cong's black pajama-clad regular soldiers, lost only six of their own men. During Operation Beacon Torch in Quang Nam province, U.S. Marines killed 57 North Vietnamese. During the battle, ten leathernecks also fell.

**Search, Destroy & Hold.** Despite such heavy losses, Communist troop strength in South Viet Nam has risen to a record 295,000 men, a gain that reflects stepped-up infiltration from the North and heavier recruiting: the Viet Cong has even begun drafting 14- and 15-year-olds from the villages it holds. Though the V.C. may not be winning control of more villages, they are not losing many either. Thus far, only 500 or 600 of South Viet Nam's 13,000 hamlets have been successfully and permanently secured, and General William C. Westmoreland, U.S. armed forces chief in South Viet Nam, plans to expand his search-destroy-and-hold operations. The change, he figures, will help maintain security over liberated villages and give the now-founding pacification program new hope.



MONITOR IN THE MEKONG DELTA  
Recoilless rifles can't hurt the water moccasins.

## WEST GERMANY

### A Case of Kulturkrankheit

In April, leftist students threatened to "assassinate" Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey with pudding, flour and paint. A few weeks later, youthful demonstrators cursed the country's President to his face. This month, students exploded smoke bombs in the path of the Shah of Iran. The scenario sounded like a rerun from Berkeley, but the setting was a long way from California—or any other hotbed of U.S. student agitation. It was West Germany.

Even German high schools are getting into the act, and barely a week goes by without a student outburst. The rallying cry may be Viet Nam, dictatorship in Athens or price hikes at the campus cafeteria. Whatever it is, the excuse for the clamor is of secondary importance. West Germany's students seem determined to mobilize behind any cause that suggests they are carrying the torch of democracy.

**Spiritual Measles.** Their elders' surprise is understandable. Only a few years ago, German students were determined bookworms, so politically passive that many intellectuals wondered if there was much hope for democracy in a country that must look to such detached youths for its future leaders. The intellectuals are wondering no more. Instead, some are busily trying to dampen the unrest, which they regard as evidence of a West German *Kulturkrankheit*, a cultural sickness that amounts to a kind of spiritual measles. Vice Chancellor Willy Brandt and other Social Democratic Party chiefs are equally alarmed. Two weeks ago, they met in Bonn for more than six hours with student leaders, but the talk did not narrow the widening gulf between older Germans and the new activists.

The immediate cause of the Bonn

confrontation was the fatal shooting of Student Benno Ohnesorg, 26, during the anti-Shah rioting. His death by a police bullet has elevated him to martyrdom: the New Left now talks of him the way angry West Germans talked of Peter Fechter, who was killed by East German border guards at the Berlin Wall five years ago. West Berlin's police chief (since turloigned) hardly helped matters when he called the anti-Shah crowd "a liverwurst . . . You press it in the middle to squeeze it out at the end." To the distress of the student leaders, Brandt refused to condemn the club-swinging Berlin cops.

Ideological capital of the rebel students is West Berlin's sprawling Free University (enrollment: 15,000), founded in 1948 with American support. In contrast to most tradition-bound German campuses, it has been a model of relaxed student-faculty relations and loose campus rules. Among the many student organizations, the most articulate political voice belongs to the Socialist German Student League. There is also a clutch of small, far-out radical cliques, such as the Maoist "Kommune 1," in which men and women share worldly goods and sexual favors.

**Declaration of War.** The newspaper *Frankfurter Allgemeine* reflected the attitude of many older Germans when it called the student protests "a declaration of war against society." Other observers, however, applaud the youthful activities. They see it all as a fitting reaction to the authoritarianism that is still prevalent on German campuses. They blame student attitudes on the scant attention paid to the nation's overcrowded educational facilities while the rest of the country has prospered, and on the stifling of political debate since Brandt's opposition Social Democrats joined the ruling Christian Democrats in the Grand Coalition in Bonn.

The unrest shows no sign of abating. Last week 180 Free University students staged a 45-hour hunger strike and talk-in at a West Berlin Protestant Student Center to demand the release of a jailed anti-Shah demonstrator. Whether they achieved their goal seemed almost beside the point: the act of protest itself was the crucial issue.

## EASTERN EUROPE

### In the Socialist Groove

In Prague's Roco Theater last week, a big crowd rocked to a big beat as bearded Singer Waldemar Matusekka belted out his latest hit, a paean to the motherland called *My Horse Is A-Gallop!*

*It's a country of linden trees  
And honey in the blooms.  
Where the prices are steady,  
Where the taverns are full  
And the girls are willing.*

The lyrics could have been written by the Czech Tourist Agency, but the melody is better known in grass-roots U.S.A. as *On Top of Old Smokey*.

Down the street from the Roco, in



a dimly lit basement nightclub, a shaggy combo, the Golden Boys, hammered out a lifting press release for *Saint Vitus Cathedral*. "Pride of all Gothic." The locale may be different, but anyone west of the Carpathians would recognize the tune as *Winchester Cathedral*.

**Boots for Masochists.** More and more these days, the songsmiths of Eastern Europe are fitting socialist lyrics to capitalist tunes. A few years ago, TV and radio shows behind the Iron Curtain were dominated by the Soviet Union's decidedly square *chastushki* (folk songs). Today, Western songs constitute 60% of all the pop music broadcast in the Slavic countries. No wonder wary government censors have demanded that the lyrics be "put into our social context."

Thus such a subversive ditty as Sandy Shaw's *Puppet on a String* has been recast in Hungary as *Paprika Puppet*; the Spotnicks' *Walking Back to Happiness* has become an ode to the joys of a country cottage, one of the most coveted status symbols among crowded Czech city dwellers. "The main problem with American lyrics is that they are too gushy for our listeners," says one member of the Text Writers' Circle, which supervises all song translations in Czechoslovakia. "Under our system we are conditioned to be less sentimental."

There could be no complaints about sentimentality in the case of Nancy Sinatra's *These Boots Are Made for Walkin'*. The original lyric is a mildly defensive warning to an errant lover that "one of these days, these boots are going to walk all over you." In Czechoslovakia, it has become the confession of a masochist: "These boots trample on everything beautiful I live alone thanks to these boots. With these boots I stamp out my love. They are taking their own revenge. I am stamping on my own happiness."

**Original Cherry Blossoms.** If the socialist versions of Western lyrics sound a little choppy, it is because some Slavic languages "lack words of one syllable, which help rhythm, and are short on vowels," explains Czech Translator Jirima Fikejzova. "In any case," she adds, "we try to be more original and avoid the banal, moon-June endings of American songs."

In some instances, originality is merely the result of an elementary knowledge of English. A Hungarian translator, for example, listened to the Beatles' *Penny Lane*, which is named for a street in Liverpool, decided that the song dealt with poverty, and turned it into a sociological tract called *The Little Country Road of Poor People*. The Czech version of the blues lament *Jailor*, *Bring Me Water* comes out as an upbeat number about the glories of nature. How did that happen? Well, admits Translator Jifi Fiser, after several unsuccessful attempts at deciphering the meaning of the words, he gave up and stared out the window. "It was spring," he recalls. "The cherry tree was blossoming outside my window. So I wrote about that."



MINISKIRTED ZAMBIAN  
Cutting reaction.

## AFRICA

### The Minicultural Revolution

Miniskirts may be popular with the women who wear them, but in the past few months they have been denounced by ex-President Eisenhower, condemned by Designer Coco Chanel, blasted by King Hassan II of Morocco, banned in Tunisia, prohibited in Rumania, and ridiculed at Ascot. Nowhere, however, has the reaction been as cutting as in the populous copper-belt towns of northern Zambia. There, thigh-high skirts have become the objects of a fanatic "culture campaign" directed by local members of President Kenneth Kaunda's United National Independence Party (U.N.I.P.).

U.N.I.P. officials have decided that brief hemlines are "immoral, un-Zambian" and "sex-ridden flaunted fripperies" of the white world. Determined to do away with such dangers to their native culture, young U.N.I.P. militants and grim, middle-aged female vigilantes armed with straight razors have stationed themselves as "morality guards" in public places. They stand ready to slash stitches and drop offending hems at the least excuse. Just as if miniskirts were difficult to spot, Zambian girls are often stopped and ordered to pick up a penny thrown on the sidewalk—if the man from U.N.I.P. sees too much leg, out comes the razor. To go with their altered clothes, the girls are handed a printed pamphlet of Kaunda's thoughts on *Humanism*, which is considered enlightening, even though it never mentions miniskirts.

The campaign has already reached beyond hemlines. Style-conscious mobs have ripped off wigs and lopped off artificially straightened hair when they have cornered Zambian girls who have

tried to Westernize their locks. Users of skin-lightening creams have had their faces plastered with mud; bright lipstick has been forcibly removed with sandpaper. "We are determined to wipe out this sort of thing," explains one U.N.I.P. youth official.

More zealous U.N.I.P. members are talking of extending the campaign to the rest of the country; they also say that they will soon start restyling white, Asian and half-caste girls as well. But among top party leaders, cooler heads seem likely to prevail. "Women want to look as attractive as possible," says one government minister, who insists that the back of the knee is a particularly unattractive part of the female anatomy. "These miniskirts, and things are bound to pass with time."

## THE PACIFIC

### Utopia in Mid-Ocean

Next Jan. 31, it all goes according to schedule, a tiny, 81-sq.-mi., palm-fringed speck in the Pacific, some 1,700 miles northwest of Australia, will become the world's newest nation. The Republic of Nauru, administered by Australia as a U.N. trust territory since 1947, will have a native population of 3,000, smallest of any nation state. But what Nauruans lack in numbers they make up with money. They have per capita income of about \$4,000, compared with \$3,648 for the U.S.

Fully two-thirds of Nauru contains deep deposits of phosphates that are used for fertilizers. These are being dug up and exported at the rate of 1,500,000 tons a year by the British Phosphate Commission, run jointly by Britain, Australia and New Zealand. In return, the commission has installed many facilities on the island and pays the natives a royalty that has just been raised to \$15,400,000 a year.

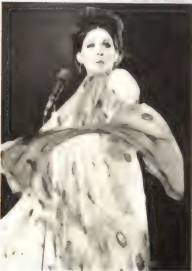
The result is almost pure Utopia. Nauruans enjoy free schools, medical and dental care, electricity and water, pay minimal rents and no import duties or taxes. Under an agreement announced last week by Australia to the U.N. Trusteeship Council, Nauruans will be given partial control of the mining industry July 1; after they finish paying for it in three years, they will get complete control. Under the complex new arrangements, most of the profits from the phosphate diggings will be held in trust and reinvested. Conservative estimates are that 30 years from now, when the phosphate deposits have finally run out, each Nauruan family will be collecting a perpetual income of well over \$25,000 a year.

Nauruans, however, still have a major worry: since 1900, more than 38 million tons of their atoll have been scooped up and shipped out, leaving only barren, gaping holes. The natives fear that they may soon have little territory left on which to enjoy their wealth. The most probable solution is that filthy rich Nauru will import dirt to replace the phosphates.

## PEOPLE

"When you have everything else," mooned Rocker **Chér** Bono, 21, "learning about the baby makes life complete. I'll probably have triplets." As up to date as ever, Chér and Hirsute Husband Salvatore P. (Sonny) Bono, 27, announced their first pregnancy last week, eight months before B-day, and reported to teeny-boppers everywhere that they are already giving "deep thought" to a name. Sonny, who is presently working against time to complete a movie called *Chastity*, admittedly hopes for a boy, whom he would name Sonny. Chér yearns for a girl, thinks that "it should have a real name." Suppose they compromise and have a girl named Sonny? Or a boy named Chér? Who could tell?

Looking like people who need people, 135,000 summer happy New Yorkers strewed themselves over every square foot of the 90-acre Sheep Meadow in Central Park for a free-for-nothing evening concert by home-grown Superstar **Barbra Streisand**, 25. The entranced Barbraphiles forgave their heroine a 45-minute delay in starting (really the fault of CBS television, which was taping the show for fall showing) as well as a certain lapse of lyric memory, cheered themselves insensate as she lilted and larruped her way through nearly two hours of Streisand regulars from *Any Place I Hang My Hat* and *Second Hand Rose* to *Happy Days Are Here Again*. At concert's end, Barbra returned to Hollywood to resume filming *Funny Girl*, leaving her sponsor, Rheingold beer, with a \$3,000 extra tab for a 30-man garbage detail that worked for three days to clear Sheep Meadow of mounds of blankets, several truckloads of empty bottles and one black pleated skirt.



BARBRA

A tab for the brewery.



SONNY & CHER

A name for the baby.

A judge can take only so much. Every once in a while, things get so outrageous that he must deliver himself of an all-but-personal opinion that from another's mouth might sound—well, injudicious. New Jersey's Supreme Court, voiding the 1961 gift of a \$1.7 million art collection to Elmira (N.Y.) College by Mrs. Geraldine Dodge, 85, millionaire niece of John D. Rockefeller Sr., ruled that the sick and lonely woman "did not understand that she was giving up her title," had responded "with friendship and confidence to the synthetically effusive attention pressed upon her by the representatives of the college." In New York Supreme Court, meanwhile, forgotten Charmball **Andrei Porumbeanu**, 42, filed suit to annul the annulment of his marriage to Heiress Gamble Benedict, only to have his maneuver slapped down as "nothing more than the harassment of an experienced fortune hunter designed to extract tribute from his former 'child bride.'"

"Places everybody, roll 'em." And there came Actor **James Coburn**, 39, barreling out of the Cafe Wha' in New York's Greenwich Village with a Russian agent and a CIA man in zealous pursuit, just as it said in the script of a movie called *The President's Analyst*. There too, but not in the script, stood Patrolman Melvin Schwartz, an honest-to-goodness member of the New York City Police Department, who had not been informed that they were making a flick on his beat. Patrolman Schwartz's eyes narrowed as he beheld the fleeing Coburn. He gave chase, caught Coburn, beat him around the head and ears with his night stick. Co-

Star **Godfrey Cambridge** doubled up with laughter. "Man," he said, "that's a real cop, and he's going to make lieutenant." Unamused, Coburn called a halt to the day's activity and went home to nurse a nasty cut.

Ill lay: Sir **Laurence Olivier**, 60, recovering in London's St. Thomas's Hospital from a mild case of pneumonia and undergoing concurrent radiological treatment for what his wife, Actress Joan Plowright, describes as a "slight" cancer of the prostate; **Elizabeth Taylor**, 35, hobbling on crutches in and out of Princess Grace Hospital in Monte Carlo after a tumble aboard her rented vacation yacht *Odyssaea* aggravated a chronic case of synovitis (knee inflammation) so badly that she may have to be operated on.

No woman since Genevieve de Gaulle-Terraube, the Angel of Dienbienphu, has won such tributes for courage. Author Truman Capote hailed her for "one thing: guts," a Chicago newspaper remarked on her "spunk," and Co-Actor John Erickson said she "was like a bull in the ring." Inspiration for all the euphemism was Lee Bouvier, otherwise **Princess Lee Radziwill**, 34, younger sister of Jacqueline Kennedy, making her professional acting debut at Chicago's Ivanhoe Theater in a four-week run of *The Philadelphia Story*, Alackaday. Neither guts nor the services of Seamster Yves St. Laurent and a personal barber (Kenneth) could placate the picadours from the drama desk, who saw only a "lovely looking amateur, an enthusiastic beginner" who "laid a golden egg." Leading Lady Bouvier compared opening night to having a baby ("You wanted to have it over with"), but Husband Stanislas Radziwill refused to accept fatherhood. "I'm going back to London," he said with a shrug. "She can do what she wants to."



LEE

A bull in the ring.

# PAPER MILLS TAKE A NEW TIP FROM THE RAILROADS

Like a golden avalanche, 100 tons of woodchips (paper in the raw) gush from a tipped-up car in *two minutes*—saving production time...freeing the car quickly for another load...keeping shipping costs down.

Today's railroads offer shippers a host of such special-use cars in addition to a vast fleet of standard freight haulers. Last year 105,000 new and modernized cars were put in service...giving goods a smoother ride to market and allowing heavier loading at lower charges.

The nation's railroaders...inventive, progressive...are better prepared than ever before to meet the transportation needs of a growing America.

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for people going places

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY 40 PROOF. BOTTLED AND BOTTLED BY FARMER-BRED CORN DISTILLERY CO. FARMER-BRED, KY.



Popular  
round  
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Now you can take Old Crow wherever you go. In the tuckaway fifth is the same mellow, smooth Bourbon you find in the familiar round bottle. Famous since 1835, today Old Crow is the most popular Bourbon in the land.

The tuckaway fifth that  
packs as flat as your shirt!



## SCIENCE

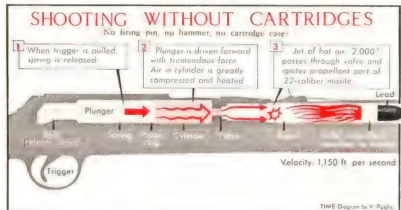
### WEAPONS

#### Forerunner Rifle

For several generations of American boys, the name Daisy evokes nostalgic memories of summer afternoons spent plinking tin cans with a BB gun. Daisy is still the big name in BB guns, but the company is now preparing to market a jet-age air rifle that is definitely not for small boys. Almost as powerful as the standard .22-caliber rifle, the weapon is nearly recoilless, virtually jamproof, and fires bullets without cartridges, primer charge or powder. Daisy is confident that it will be the forerunner of a new generation of weapons for both civilian and military use.

**Perforated Walls.** The revolutionary rifle is the brainchild of Belgian Chemical Engineer Jules van Langenhoven, a

concentrated on perfecting a solid propellant while the company's engineers were designing air rifles capable of using it efficiently. After five years, their combined efforts produced a weapon of classic simplicity. The V-1 (for Van Langenhoven) bullet consists merely of a cylindrical plug of solid propellant attached to the rear of a slug or missile. When the trigger of a V-1 rifle is pulled, a powerful spring drives a cocked plunger into a cylinder, compressing and heating the trapped air to about 2,000° F. Escaping into the firing chamber through a valve, a jet of heated air strikes and ignites the propellant, which pushes the missile through the barrel (see diagram). Because the heated air helps the propellant to oxidize completely, there are no unburned traces left to foul the barrel. V-1 test rifles have been fired up



gun fancier who began to experiment with new propellants in 1951 in an effort to reduce the weight of cartridges. By 1961, Van Langenhoven had produced a derivative of nitrocellulose that could be ignited by a jet of hot air and that actually eliminated the need for a cartridge. Daisy President Cass Hough got wind of Van Langenhoven's experiments and flew over to Paris for a demonstration in an instrumented firing range near the Champs Élysées. Using a modified air rifle and pellets wadded with cottonlike propellant, the 6-ft. 3-in. Belgian squeezed off shots whose velocity was clocked at almost 1,500 ft. per sec., the speed of a conventional .22-caliber bullet. Hough was agog. "I couldn't believe it," he recalls. Hurrying back to his hotel room with Van Langenhoven's rifle and a supply of the propellant, he spent the evening enthusiastically peppering a thick telephone directory propped against the wall. Only after Hough had exhausted his ammunition and examined the phone book did he discover that the pellets had ripped through it, causing about \$50 worth of damage to the wall behind.

Hough hired Van Langenhoven and moved him to Daisy's home plant in Rogers, Ark., where the chemist con-

centrated on perfecting a solid propellant while the company's engineers were designing air rifles capable of using it efficiently.

Compared with the V-1, the conventional rifle is a Rube Goldberg contraption. When the trigger is squeezed on a conventional weapon, the cocked firing hammer strikes a primer cap in the cartridge, setting off a primer charge. That in turn ignites the powder, which explodes and drives the bullet through the barrel but leaves the spent cartridge—and a trail of incompletely burned powder—behind. The cartridge must then be pulled out of the firing chamber by a bolt mechanism and ejected.

By doing away with trouble-prone extraction and ejection devices, says Hough, the V-1 system "eliminates a lot of your hardware and a lot of potential malfunction problems." Further, instead of giving the lead slug a "punch," as the powder-filled cartridge does, the propellant gives it a "shove," reducing both recoil and noise.

**Cooler Turrets.** Although Daisy intends to confine its output of V-1 products to .22-caliber rifles and perhaps shotguns, the military implications are obvious. Daisy engineers have already shot V-1 bullets at speeds as high as 3,000 ft. per sec.—well within the performance range of high-powered con-

ventional rifles. V-1s can be fired chemically and electrically, as well as with hot-air jets, making them adaptable to a large variety of weapons systems. Elimination of cartridges would also solve a troublesome problem in tank turrets, where hot shell casings pile up quickly during combat. And V-1 ammunition would be ideal for aircraft cannon, which sometimes jam when high-G forces produced during maneuvers prevent the ejection of cartridges.

### SPACE

#### A Date with Venus

Soaring through space nearly a million miles from the earth, Mariner 5 responded smartly last week to signals radiated from Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, thereby ensuring that its Oct. 19 date with Venus would be as intimate as intended. The spacecraft pitched, rolled and fired its rocket engine for 17.66 seconds, giving the spacecraft a 36-m.p.h. boost and arcing into a trajectory that should carry it past Venus at a distance of only 1,250 miles.

Mariner had company on its 216 million-mile journey. Relatively near by was Russia's Venus 4, launched only two days before the U.S. craft and also scheduled to rendezvous with Venus in mid-October. Although the two vehicles seemed to be engaged in a space race, their launch dates were determined not by competitiveness but by the fact that Venus will be only 49 million miles from earth in October—closer than at any time in the next 19 months.

Tightlipped as usual, the Russians would say only that Venus 4 weighs 2,438 lbs. and will attempt to collect data on "super long-distance measurements," as well as to investigate surface conditions and other characteristics of cloud-covered Venus. Impressed by the weight of the Soviet craft—the heaviest ever sent to Venus—envious U.S. space experts speculated that it could be carrying a TV camera and a capsule capable of being ejected into the Venusian atmosphere and lowered to the surface—perhaps by parachute—in a soft-landing attempt.

Puny by comparison, Mariner 5 weighs only 539 lbs. and has no camera, ejection capsule or landing system. But it is crammed with the miniaturized instrumentation that has performed so effectively on earlier U.S. planetary probes. Unlike the last successful Venus shot—Mariner 2, which sailed within 21,600 miles of the planet in 1962 and sent back a surface temperature reading of 800° Fahrenheit, the newest Mariner may come close enough to detect a Venusian magnetic field—if it exists—and the equivalent of the earth's Van Allen radiation belts. It is also equipped to measure the density and temperature of the Venusian atmosphere, investigate the wake left by Venus as it plows through the solar wind, and provide new data on the mass and precise location of the planet.

## MAN'S NEW DIALOGUE WITH MAN

*A primitive people is not a backward or retarded people; indeed it may possess a genius for invention or action that leaves the achievements of civilized peoples far behind.*

—Claude Lévi-Strauss

IF that hypothesis is true, then civilization has nothing much to brag about. Modern man does not constitute an end product, an exponential improvement of the aboriginal dowsy, an evolutionary intellectual advance. He is merely another mode of human society, coexisting and coequal with the most primitive tribes that have somehow survived, despite seemingly naive and archaic customs, into the space age. The marvelous fruits of contemporary Western culture—technology, medicine, literature, TV, the H-bomb—show an exercise of the mind no more commendable or admirable than the savage's totems and bone beads. Today's philosophies reflect no more brilliant a light than mankind's earliest brainstorms in the dim dawn of thought.

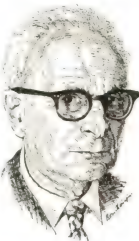
These convictions are held by a highly civilized Frenchman named Claude Lévi-Strauss, who has devoted his professional career and seven books to the proposition that, in their potential, all men are intellectually equal. They have probably been equal for something like 1,000,000 years—a bridge of time that carries the world back to the Pleistocene Age and the rude beginnings of social life. It was then that ancient ancestors of modern man equipped themselves with the first language and the first culture and, in so doing, set a pattern that has been followed ever since.

Lévi-Strauss occupies the chair of social anthropology at Paris' Collège de France. He also occupies a place of increasing importance in the world of ideas. At 58, he can scarcely be called a newcomer. Yet for many who are just discovering him, he is the newest and most challenging prophet on the scene. In France and elsewhere, he has displaced Existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre as the most notable—and fashionable—intellectual figure.

### Civilization's Dropout

The formidable and frequently forbidding scholarship of his books has not prevented them from being widely read, or at least talked about. From France, the interest in Lévi-Strauss and his "structuralism" has spread far afield. Cambridge now offers a course in his anthropological theory, a recognition seldom bestowed by any university until after the subject's death. The Germans have established a school called *Strukturforschung* (research of life structure), which adapts structural theory to the study of art. In the U.S., the amplifying academic debate commands the ear and the curiosity of non-academicians. Of his books, *Structural Anthropology*, *Totemism*, *The Savage Mind* and *Tristes Tropiques* are now available in English translation. Two more will arrive in the fall: *Kinship Systems* and *The Raw and the Cooked*. Wherever it occurs, the argument about Lévi-Strauss takes fire from his provocative approach to the study of man—which has implications far beyond anthropology.

Only a generation or so ago, anthropological theory rested on the comfortable and slightly condescending premise that the human mind evolved, over the millennia, in much the same way that man climbed physically up from the primordial slime. The stages in this intellectual



growth were clearly identified: the Old Stone Age, the New Stone Age, the Copper, Bronze and Iron Ages. Savage cultures unaccountably stranded well along the path of progress were conveniently classified as civilization's simple-minded dropouts, lingering and isolated echoes from mankind's distant past.

Lévi-Strauss junks this notion as a complacent and self-serving modern myth. In its place, structuralism substitutes the heretical theory that the human intellect has been fully operative, and in the same fundamental pattern, since the creation of human society. Savage and civilized cultures together play the same game and play it equally well, despite an enormous variation in the results. In short, Lévi-Strauss has asked man to open a profound—and profoundly unsettling—new dialogue with himself.

For Lévi-Strauss personally, the dialogue began 30 years ago in the South American bush. Born in Brussels to middle-class Jewish parents who did not accept their faith or any other, he grew up in France in a posture of skepticism toward traditionalist thought. At the Sorbonne he read for a philosophy degree—"not because I had any true vocation for it, but because I had sampled other branches of learning and detested them, one and all."

One of his earliest enthusiasms was for Karl Marx, but his interest was more scientific than ideological. Marx seemed to be talking about realities, hidden behind surface thought, that controlled some of man's responses to his environment. A chance appointment as professor of sociology at the University of São Paulo dispatched Lévi-Strauss in 1935 to Brazil. The new arrival's intellectual curiosity shortly lured him into the jungle on anthropological field trips. The experience permanently altered his appreciation of man.

### The Dignity of Man

Lévi-Strauss had expected to find primitive and ignorant peoples frozen in cultural patterns, which, like the toys of childhood, civilization had long since put by. Instead, he found his intellectual peers. The Bororo, a naked tribe of the Brazilian interior, introduced him to a concept of life that might have been taken from the most sophisticated human thought. Whenever a native dies, the Bororo believed, "an injury is done not only to those near him but to society as a whole."

In the geometrical face paintings of the Caduveo Indians, Lévi-Strauss recognized not meaningless makeup, but a subtle statement of man's place in the world: "The face paintings confer upon the individual his dignity as a human being; they help him to cross the frontier from nature to culture, and from the 'mindless' animal to the civilized man." He decided that, "without any play on words," both the Caduveo and the Bororo "could be called in their different ways 'learned societies.'"

Such conclusions are registered, with impressive clarity and lyricism, in *Tristes Tropiques*, a book described by its author as his "intellectual vacation." Laymen have turned to it as a painless introduction to his thought. All his other works demand rigorous intellectual effort as well as a basic understanding of anthropology. They also require something akin to an act of faith.

Only faith, for instance, will carry most readers past Lévi-Strauss's tenet that the mind may be the prisoner of a

secret code, locked in the unconscious, that often has as little to do with conscious reality as the rules of grammar have to do with the function of speech. If order exists anywhere—in the behavior of the atom, the dance of heated particles, the orbit of the stars—then, say the structuralists, order must exist everywhere, even in the brain. Just as the law of gravity determined the fall of Newton's apple, so the laws of the intellect imperiously mold human thought.

Lévi-Strauss postulates two orders of reality, only one of which is susceptible to human control. At the controllable level, man applies his intellect to the universe about him and builds social systems to suit his needs. But at a deeper level, the implacable pattern that is ingrained in the human intellect, much like the program that decrees the functioning of a computer, directs the shape of everything built by social man. It may work, says Lévi-Strauss, like "the least common denominator of human thought."

This approach relies heavily on the spade-work done in structural linguistics, a new science, born in this century, that has set out to crack the hidden code of speech. Freud's explorations of the unconscious may also have made a contribution to structural theory. Like the taproots of culture, the foundation of speech exists beneath the level of awareness and the superimposed discipline of grammatical rules. The linguists and the structural anthropologists are united in the suspicion that the origin of human speech and of human society may have been equivalent events. Lévi-Strauss's books reflect his conviction that communication is the *vincit quia non* of society, and that speech is only one of many ways by which society explicates itself. Music, art, ritual, myth, religion, literature, cooking, tattooing, the kinship systems founded on intermarriage, the barter of goods and services—all these, and others, can be considered languages by which society is elaborated and maintained.

No one has as yet unlocked the code that the human mind obeys. But Lévi-Strauss presents fascinating speculation on how the code may work. It seems based, for instance, on a universal human desire to organize the chaos of the universe—to attach meaning to things. "The thought we call primitive," he writes, "is founded on this demand for order. This is equally true of all thought."

But while all humans apply the same basic code, they can reach dramatically individual and divergent conclusions. The so-called primitive mind, for one example, abhors change. It builds societies designed to repeal history: "What primitive man seeks above all is not truth but coherence; not the scientific distinction between true and false but a vision of the world that will satisfy his soul."

### Stone Age Mastery

On the other hand, "moving cultures"—a description that Lévi-Strauss applies to modern civilization—not only welcome change but also endorse it. Mindful of the flow of time, these societies place different values on the past, the present and the future, and constantly consult the past as a reference by which to measure the next cultural advance. But the distinction between these two views of time, says Lévi-Strauss, is not a measure of intelligence: "It is quite certain that no culture is absolutely stationary. All peoples have a grasp of techniques which are sufficiently elaborate to enable them to control their environment." Civilized societies, he says, "traffic in ideas; the savage hoards them up."

Mankind's most world-changing intellectual achievements were logged by savage cultures. It was during the Stone Age "that man's mastery of the great arts of civilization—of pottery, weaving, agriculture and the domestication of animals—became firmly established." All that has been done since has only "improved on these 'arts of civilization.'"

To proponents of the view that man is perfectible, he extends small comfort. Whatever man is today, Lévi-Strauss insists, man already was. Among the more remarkable parallels he notes is the homology between the ideas of the French philosopher Henri Bergson, and those of an unnamed Dakota Indian sage. "Everything as it moves," Lévi-Strauss quotes the Indian, "now and then, here and there, makes stops. So the god has stopped. The sun, the moon, the stars, the winds,

the trees are all where he has stopped." And from Bergson: "A great current of creative energy gushes forth through matter, to obtain from it what it can. At most points it is stopped; these stops are transmuted, in our eyes, into the appearances of many living species."

It is on the subject of history that structuralism differs most decisively with preceding trains of thought, including Marxism and existentialism, both of which very nearly deify the historical process. Though the study of Marx helped teach Lévi-Strauss to look for patterns and driving forces in human affairs, he has cooled to its rigid, dogmatic approach. In his colloquial French he says: "I still have the tripe [guts] of a man of the left. But at my age I know it is tripe and not brain." As for Sartre, he is convinced that man has much to learn from history, while Lévi-Strauss holds that history makes at best an undependable instructor. Moreover, Sartre disputes Lévi-Strauss's deterministic, science-oriented view of man. "Sartre exemplifies a kind of morose sulkiness at the expansion of science," says Lévi-Strauss. "The existentialists think that there is something special in mankind which only philosophy can deal with."

To many French intellectuals, this scientific determinism seems to fill the void left by the failure of humanism. The world Communist revolution failed; the proletariat did not dispossess the capitalists or God. Existentialism failed; numerous reversals in the political causes it supported have exposed the fragility of the notion that human will can dictate history.

### Different But Equal

Into this vacuum of thought, structuralism has reared its gaudy all over the Gallic intellectual landscape. A new school of fiction has risen with the declared intent of consulting man's subconscious intellectual infrastructure rather than the visible rules of literary composition. The function of writing itself—rather than message, story or character—becomes the novelist's purpose. The formlessness of structural fiction stems from a reliance on the creative inspiration of the unconscious—the hidden intellectual code. At an even more arcane level, literary critics are using structuralism to redefine—and enhance—the critical role. In its name they have demanded equal billing with the works they judge. "It is inconceivable," says Roland Barthes, one of the movement's chief spokesmen, "that the creative laws governing the writer should not also be valid for the critic. All criticism is criticism both of the work under consideration and of the critic."

Lévi-Strauss stands aloof from such cultist and far-fetched applications of structural thought. Yet in their way they are testimonials to the pull he exerts on the imagination. His approach to man has added something to the human equation that is hard to dismiss or forget. Ironically, time may show that this agnostic's principal gift to human understanding is a spiritual one. "I don't believe in God," he says. "But I don't believe in man either. Humanism has failed. It didn't prevent the monstrous acts of our generation. It has lent itself to excusing and justifying all kinds of horrors. It has misunderstood man. It has tried to cut him off from all other manifestations of nature."

Down the centuries, an extravagant portion of human energy has supported the position that, because of their differences, men are not equal. There is no room for this in Lévi-Strauss's view of humanity. "Respect for others," he writes, "springs spontaneously and naturally in man, long before reasoning and its sophistries come into play." Elsewhere, he maintains that "insofar as man is worthy of respect, it is not just civilized man of today or the future, it is the whole of mankind."

"Identification with all forms of life, beginning with the most humble—this principle, in a world where overcrowding makes mutual respect more difficult and that much more necessary, is the only one which can permit men to live together. In a cultivated society there can be no excuse for the only real inexcusable crime of man, that of considering himself abidingly or momentarily superior; be it for reasons of race, culture, conquest, service or merely expediency."

# THE LAW

## COURTS

### Traffic Jam

There are 102 million drivers in the U.S., and 30 million of them will be charged with one traffic offense or another this year. For most, the summons to appear in traffic court will provide their only direct contact with the trappings and workings of formal U.S. justice. Few are likely to come away impressed. Says James Economos, director of the American Bar Association's traffic-court program: "Our traffic courts are the disaster area of the judiciary."

The courts are arbitrary and hasty, often indifferent to individual rights, and on all too many occasions actually inimical to them. In many, case-hardened judges display a clear presumption of

each case heard, regardless of the verdict. But even that safeguard does not always protect the hapless motorist. Policemen anxious for a high percentage of convictions often take offenders to the J.P. of their choice. If the J.P. wants the cops' "business"—and the resultant fees—he had better be tough on motorists. Nor do the police mind a longer trip to a friendly justice. In Taylor County, Fla., sheriff's deputies have been known to lie in wait for speeders as far from court as possible, then collect mileage for transporting the offenders to and from the trial.

Even judges who get no fees may be under pressure to convict, for traffic fines are an important source of local revenue almost everywhere. New York City alone takes in \$20 million a year

cases. But the courts remain congested. Besides, the A.B.A. argues that an administrative system merely serves to undermine legal justice still further. In Florida, however, the Dade County traffic court has demonstrated that a great deal can be done. In the wake of a 1959 tie-up-fixing scandal in Miami, the court was completely overhauled.

Acting on advice from the A.B.A., Florida officials scheduled four traffic sessions a day. As a result no defendant has to wait more than 1½ hours for his case to be heard. Each Dade County policeman has a regularly scheduled day in court and makes his summonses returnable for that day. If a defendant wishes to plead not guilty, the arresting officer is present and the trial can take place immediately. Instead of merely fining offenders, Dade's 13 judges may send them to traffic-safety schools, order them to undergo eye ex-



UNCLUTTERED DADE COUNTY COURT



CONGESTED DETROIT COURT

### Disaster area of the judiciary.

guilt, leaving it to the defendant to prove otherwise. Every inducement is offered to encourage a guilty plea—notably, swifter trials and sometimes lower fines. In New York City, whose traffic courts are rated among the nation's worst by the A.B.A., an accused driver must appear twice to plead not guilty—first to announce that he plans to do so, and then to appear for trial. After an all-day wait, he may be run through the trial in as little as a minute. But the city has agreed to change its time-consuming ways in September by allowing defendants to notify the courts by mail of their intention to plead not guilty.

**Fees & Quotas.** Traffic-court judges in all but five states need not even be lawyers. Twenty-three states still retain some version of the "fee system," though the Supreme Court as long ago as 1927 indicated that it is unconstitutional. Under the system, the presiding judge, magistrate or justice of the peace is paid for every conviction—a practice that hardly encourages acquittals. In some states, to prevent abuses, the county pays the judge his fee for

in fines, and in some jurisdictions traffic judges are told how much they must raise in a year. For a long time, many police departments had another sort of budget—a formal quota system requiring each cop to issue a certain number of tickets. Officially, the system has been abandoned, but if a traffic cop hands out too few tickets, he is likely to hear about it. In a few precincts, "totem pole" lists are kept. The man at the bottom rarely fails to increase his ticket total quickly.

**Blind Dozen.** So clogged and overworked are many traffic courts that city officials despair of improving them. Detroit has tried to make the system virtually an administrative one, with "referees," rather than judges, hearing the

aminations (a dozen of the 48 motorists examined in a recent week were found to be legally blind), or suspend their fines if they agree to spend the same amount on lessons at a private driving school.

For all the abuses of the system, however, determined prosecution of offenders can improve safety, according to the A.B.A.'s Economos. "This," he says, "has been supported by experiences in Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles and many smaller cities." It is equally clear that a well-run traffic court can achieve the same result. When James Ravella became the traffic-court judge in Warren, Ohio, in 1950, the city had a population of 50,000 and an auto-accident death rate of 13 per year. Judge Ravella patiently explained traffic laws and their importance to each defendant, also printed up pamphlets outlining defendants' rights. "I feel my primary function is to educate, not punish," he says. After 17 years of Ravella's novel ways, Warren's population has increased to 65,000, while its annual auto death rate has been reduced to four.

☛ If ticket totals fall off in Kentucky in the near future, it would not be too surprising. Last week a Louisville court refused to convict a motorist accused of attempting to bribe a policeman, for the simple reason that Kentucky had somehow neglected to make bribing a policeman a crime. Despite that discovery, no plans are currently under way to plug the loophole.





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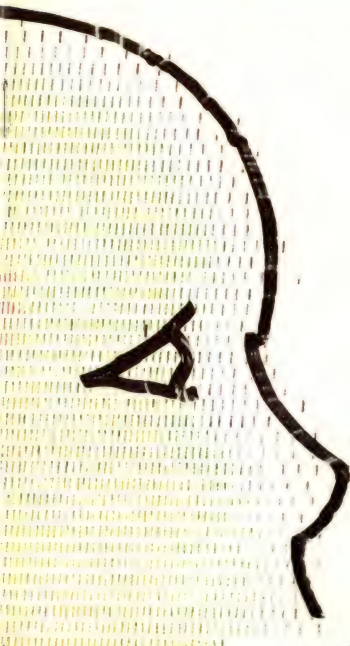
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# SHOW BUSINESS

## BROADWAY

### Seven Hits, Five Walks, 25 Errors

On Broadway, the Great Producer records not how a show played but whether it won or lost. By that criterion, the box-office score for the season now ending is seven hits, five others that stayed on long enough to break into the black, and 25-odd errors. That reckoning, disastrous as it sounds, is about standard for the '60s—and so was the season.

Out of six attempts, David Merrick had four flops, including the musical adaptation of *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. Still, there were many sellout holdover hits (*Mame*, *Cactus Flower* among others) and enough intriguing fresh attractions to build an all-time high Broadway gross of \$55 million, up 2% from the season before. Among the high spots were: one major S.R.O. smash, the musical *Cabaret*; two comedy clicks, Robert Anderson's *You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running* and Peter Shaffer's *Black Comedy*; one important drama, Harold Pinter's *The Homecoming*, which turned a profit only because of a movie sale; and the settling in, for the first time in 28 years, of a first-rate rep company, the APA.

The off-Broadway Theater, which has averaged about three successes, financial or critical, in recent seasons, was adorned with a dozen—most notably, the anguishingly funny *American Hurrah*. Even further afield, touring companies—which, according to Variety, drew \$32 million in 1965-66 and have never topped \$40 million—pulled in \$43.6 million this season. That does not count one other extension of the road. London this month is showing no fewer than seven U.S. imports, from *Hello Dolly!* to *The Odd Couple*, and *America Hurrah* will open there in August.

## TELEVISION

### Mothers' Brothers

Like shooting bottles off a barnyard fence, the gunslingers on NBC's top-rated *Bonanza* have for several seasons systematically picked off every show offered in the opposing time slots. Five months ago, CBS rushed in a pair of suburban slickers, and to the industry's surprise, they knocked *Bonanza* out of the No. 1 slot and made the *Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* the most popular new TV show of the season.

They did it by shooting from the lip, dauntlessly laying down a crossfire of patter that is often more fizzle than sizzle. Sample exchange from this week's season-ending show:

**Tom:** Stay tuned for a trip-around-the-world contest.

**Dick:** Wait a minute—there's no trip-around-the-world contest.

**Tom:** I was kidding.

**Dick:** Then there's no contest?

**Tom:** Yes, there's a contest, but there isn't any world.

**Hokey Hip.** The peculiar appeal of the *Smothers* is that they pull off these bum mots with such a deceptive air of wide-eyed innocence that the cornier the material, the louder the laughs. A more apt name for them would be the *Mothers' Brothers*. "We attract the kind of fans that want to mother us," says Dick, 28. "We're so college-looking and clean-cut," says Tom, 30. "The American Legion likes us and so does the left wing." And so does every wing of the younger generation. The boys have the jug-eared look of Nebraska citybillies, or malt-shop cowboys. Even when they are mildly suggestive, they seem as harmless as two choirboys sneaking a smoke behind the organ. Their style might be described as hokey hip, wholesome enough to trade hayseed one-liners with Guest Jim Nabors (TV's Gomer Pyle), upbeat enough to hook such shaggy rock groups as the Jefferson Airplane.

Dick is the straight man, Tom is the bumbling buffoon. Between skits, they sing fractured folk songs. In the middle of *Michael, Row the Boat Ashore*, for example, Tom will interrupt with a snigger: "Hey, Michael, you'd better get that boat back; you'll lose your deposit." Or, eyes rolling like lopsided marbles, stuttering as though his tongue were mired in sludge, he will launch a monologue that begins anywhere and goes nowhere. When Dick glowers disapprovingly, Tom hawks like a seven-year-old: "Mom always liked you best."

Sons of a West Point Army major who died on a Japanese P.O.W. ship, the brothers were raised in Redondo Beach, Calif. "Tommy was the biggest bunch of trouble," recalls Mother Smothers. "He used to get Dickie and Sherry, their younger sister, to take pic-

nic baskets to the cemetery and eat off the tombstones." At San Jose State College, they were the rage of the Phi Kappa house, and eventually they graduated to a local college hangout, where they were paid off in peanuts and beer. Their twisted versions of folk classics ("Black is the colour of my love's true hair") neatly spoofed the ethnic folk-niks, and within a few years the brothers were smothered with TV offers. On Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show*, Tom met Bette Davis, launched into a disjointed discourse in praise of her acting, then suddenly exclaimed with a sly leer, "Hey, do you mess around?" Bette howled, and has been their most devoted fan ever since.

**Compulsive Kook.** Offstage, the *Smothers Brothers* are like the two halves of a split personality. Dick is the stable, soft-spoken father of three who would like to retire and tinker with his fleet of seven cars. Tom is a walking jangle of exposed nerve ends. He has an ulcer and has divorced his wife. He arrives at the studio on a motorcycle totting a kiddie's lunch box filled with avocado sandwiches, which he munches during rehearsals to placate his ulcer. He is a compulsive kook, strolls into a nightclub and begins waiting on tables, tools around town in his 1940 Packard sedan wearing a chauffeur's hat while his date sits in the back seat.

One measure of the *Smothers'* success is that in August they will take their nightclub act to Las Vegas for the superstar fee of \$35,000 a week. As Jack Paar once told them, "I don't know what it is you do, but nobody's going to steal it." The producers of *Bonanza* are at least going to try. This fall they are going to introduce a new youthful character into the show in an attempt to counteract the "freshness and vitality" of the brothers *Smothers*.



DICK & WIFE LINDA



TOM

Harmless as two choirboys sneaking a smoke.

## THE PRESS

### EDITORS

#### Another Crack at the Machine

Since 1960, when he started sniping from the pages of his weekly Morrilton, Ark., Democrat at the political machine that rules Conway County, wry Editor Gene Wirges has been beaten up, shot at and haled into court on ten different charges. Repeatedly, juries, which always seemed to include at least one or two friends of Sheriff Marlin Hawkins, undisputed boss of the local machine, found Wirges guilty. Repeatedly, higher courts overturned the verdicts.

This month, after more than a year of litigation, the Arkansas Supreme Court reversed the latest decision against Wirges—a perjury conviction and a three-year prison sentence. The charges stemmed from a libel suit brought against Wirges after his newspaper accused Hawkins' machine of election frauds. During the libel trial, Wirges denied that he had written a certain column: the sheriff's witness swore he had. Hawkins' word prevailed—at least temporarily.

Once more in the clear, Wirges, who turned the editing of the paper over to his wife Betty three years ago, aims to take another crack at the machine. He now serves as a staff assistant, spending most of his time doing the investigative work he hopes will lead to better government in Morrilton. Wirges can count on some potent moral—and material—support from Republican Governor Winthrop Rockefeller. The Governor, whose 7,500-acre Winrock Farms ranch lies just outside Morrilton, has already provided Wirges with office space in Little Rock, secretaries, financial support and top-drawer legal assistance.



WIRGES & WIFE  
Acquittal as usual.

### BROADCASTING

#### Something of a Shambles

For months, New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison has been releasing the findings of his bizarre investigation into President Kennedy's assassination, one headline at a time. As his pile of clippings grew, so did the number of skeptics. Last week, in an hour-long program called "The J.F.K. Conspiracy," the National Broadcasting Co. joined the crowd, accusing Garrison of going to considerable lengths to pin an assassination plot on New Orleans Civic Leader Clay Shaw, 54.

Lie-detector tests, said NBC, had cast doubt on the testimony of two key witnesses: Vernon Bundy, a 29-year-old narcotics addict, and Perry Raymond Russo, 26, an insurance salesman. A test given Bundy "indicated he was lying," said NBC Anchorman Frank McGee, and "New Orleans Assistant District Attorney Charles Ward was informed of this." Though Ward told Garrison that "in view of the lie-detector test, Bundy should not be allowed to testify," he was overruled.

**Star Witnesses.** In Russo's case, McGee reported, reactions to a series of questions led a polygraph operator to suspect deception. Moreover, the test seemed to indicate that Russo had a psychopathic personality. But agents from Garrison's office took the list of questions away from the polygraph operator and told him not to say anything. When Garrison presented his case against Clay Shaw at a hearing, Russo and Bundy were his star witnesses. Garrison insists that Shaw, under the name of Clay Bertrand, met in 1963 with Lee Harvey Oswald and David W. Ferrie, who committed suicide earlier this year, to plot the assassination. Clay Bertrand does exist, said McGee. He is a New Orleans homosexual who uses that name as a pseudonym. "For his protection," said McGee, "we will not disclose the real name of the man. His real name has been given to the Department of Justice. He is not Clay Shaw."

NBC's report—and charges that Garrison has offered to bribe witnesses in the investigation, prompted New Orleans' Metropolitan Crime Commission to call for an investigation of the D.A. himself. As for Garrison, he charged that NBC was trying to "torpedo the state's case." He also asserted that NBC had offered to pay Russo's expenses if he wanted to slip away to California before Shaw went on trial. NBC News President William R. McAndrew denied Garrison's charges, but the following day Russo told a news conference that he had indeed been offered such help if he agreed to "side with NBC" and help "wreck the Garrison investigation."

Even without Russo's help, the investigation—which is still generating headlines for Jim Garrison—seems something of a shambles.



SUZY

Tart tales for the big city.

### NEWSPAPERS

#### Trilling from a New Tree

Although her saucy syndicated copy was still running six days a week in about 60 U.S. newspapers, Society Columnist Aileen Mehle, better known as Suzy, was as sad as a songbird with laryngitis. For two months after the demise of the World Journal Tribune, Suzy had no journalistic tree to trill from in New York, her home town and headquarters of the jet-setters whose fads and foibles she chronicles with refreshing irreverence. Last week Suzy was back home, regaling readers of the New York Daily News (circ. 2,100,000) with her tart tales. Items:

► "Charlotte Ford Niarchos," she wrote in her first column, "has been sleeping around the Greek islands with her ex-husband, Tanker King Stavros Niarchos, on his yacht *Creside*. This has been the most romantic divorce. Remember how sticky it was when they were married? Charlotte hardly ever saw Stavros, and the only thing she had to remember him by was her 61-carat diamond ring—and the baby, of course."

► Of the Chicago state debut (*The Philadelphia Story*) about to be endured by Jackie Kennedy's sister, Suzy said: "Truman Capote is in Chicago holding Lee Radziwill's hand. If anyone can stop the trembling it's Truman. Truman loves Lee, and Lee loves Truman. Why, they've practically circumnavigated the globe together, roughing it on ocean-going yachts and making the best of it in the best hotels. You get to really know people that way."

► Previewing a charity ball that will be held in Venice in September, after a chichi screening committee selects the 700 guests, Suzy predicted: "Prospective guests will be strained through fine silk, like vichyssoise, and are expected to end up the same way—rich, creamy, perfectly blended—with maybe a sprinkling of chives for excitement."

► Tracing the latest developments in the

Lynda Bird-George Hamilton romance, she wrote: "Half an hour after George arrived at the Regency Hotel, Lynda Bird and the Secret Service men were up in George's suite. She learned her timing from daddy."

#### A Cheechako Takes Over

In the Gold Rush days, Alaska's Indians referred to intruders from the U.S. as "cheechakos"—a corruption of the word Chicago. Last week Larry Fanning, 53, a latter-day cheechako who arrived in Alaska nine months ago after an illustrious twelve years in the competitive world of Windy City journalism, became the owner of the state's only morning newspaper, the Anchorage Daily News (irc. 18,000).

Fanning quit as editorial director of the Chicago-based Publishers' Newspaper Syndicate last September and moved to Alaska after marrying Kay Woodruff Field, second wife of his onetime boss, Marshall Field Jr. Once settled with Kay and her three children, he began looking around for a paper to run, finally bought a 79.4% interest in the News from Publisher Norman C. Brown for an estimated \$600,000.

Republican Fanning, who rose from copy boy to managing editor of the San Francisco Chronicle before moving to a series of top editorial posts with Field Enterprises in 1955, plans to spruce up the News's front page and to expand its coverage of the "Lower 48" when he takes over in September. Since its founding in 1946, the paper has been politically independent—and adventurous enough to have become embroiled in seven libel suits. By keeping it that way, Fanning hopes to catch up some day with Anchorage's afternoon Times, whose circulation of 22,000 makes it the biggest state's biggest newspaper.



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# MEDICINE

## THE A.M.A.

### Progress Report

Although the American Medical Association was a progressive, reform-minded organization in the first third of the 20th century, it has since suffered a severe case of intellectual atrophy. Last week, as some 12,000 of its members pounded the Atlantic City boardwalk between sessions of its annual convention, the A.M.A.'s 242-member house of delegates voted to catch up with the present in several areas, and also cast a constructive eye toward the future.

By acclamation, the delegates chose Dr. Dwight Locke Wilbur, 63, a San Francisco gastroenterologist, as the organization's president-elect to take office next June. He is one of two doctor sons of the late Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, longtime president of Stanford University. Herbert Hoover's Secretary of the Interior, and A.M.A. president in 1923-24, Wilbur will be the first president in the A.M.A.'s 120-year history whose father also served in the office.

"Slightly Left." Unlike most A.M.A. officers, who traditionally reach their posts by persistent politicking from the county level on up, Dr. Wilbur is well known for his contributions to medical practice. Long associated with the Mayo Clinic and Stanford's School of Medicine, he is rated one of the top internists in Northern California, has been president of the American Gastroenterological Association and of the American College of Physicians. He has also exerted a notably moderating influence on doctors' attitudes in his state as editor of *California Medicine* since 1946. A lifetime Republican, like his father

and physician son,\* he is described by those who know him best as "slightly left of center" in medical-policy matters. Largely because of Dr. Wilbur's counsels in the board of trustees, the A.M.A. has eased its opposition to Medicare and refrained from a boycott.

Ironically, the man whom Wilbur will replace next year, and who was installed as the A.M.A.'s president last week, is one of the association's most conservative members. Dr. Milford O. Rouse, 64, a Dallas gastroenterologist, is personal physician to Oilman H. L. Hunt, a former director of Hunt's far-flung Life Line Foundation, and a member of the Association of American Physicians and Surgeons, an ultra-conservative political-action group. Unremittingly hostile to government involvement in health care, Dr. Rouse still refuses to treat patients who insist on being billed through a Medicare agency. Attacking Government programs that he considers to be threats to private practice, he declared in his inaugural address: "We must increase the effectiveness of our opposition."

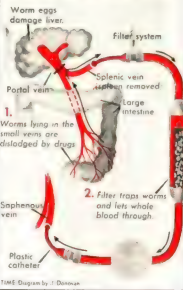
**Alarming Shortage.** Despite Dr. Rouse's attitude, the A.M.A. last week reversed a number of positions it had long held. In 1933, the association urged medical schools to curtail enrollments for fear that they would produce too many doctors. Subsequently, as warnings multiplied of an impending crisis in the supply of doctors, the A.M.A. kept insisting that there was no cause for concern. Last week, the board of trustees did an about-face. In a report using words that it had once rejected vehemently, it declared that the shortage of doctors is reaching "alarming proportions," and called for "an immediate and unprecedented increase." It urged medical schools whose enrollments have remained static to figure out ways of admitting more students "in the light of national demand." Also called on the five schools of osteopathy that are still independent to convert into regular medical schools.

Now that a number of states are liberalizing their laws to permit more therapeutic abortions, the A.M.A. also conceded that its 1871 rule against abortion, except "with a view to the safety of the child," was "antiquated." "Change and reform in this area are inevitable," said the policy statement. It condoned abortions on essentially the same grounds as those recommended by the American Law Institute, already voted into law in Colorado, North Carolina and California. Among the differences: the A.M.A. would require "documented medical evidence" of the need for an abortion, and rape or incest would have to be "legally established."

\* And like his physician nephew Richard, who advises Governor Ronald Reagan on medical affairs.

## SURGICAL WORMING

(Schistosomes: Parasitic worms affecting some 200 million people)



## SURGERY

### Filtering Out the Flukes

Surgery is not strictly a matter of cutting into patients and cutting something out. The A.M.A. last week heard about a new operation designed not to cut out but to filter out the tiny parasites that cause schistosomiasis, a disease that is rapidly displacing malaria as mankind's greatest scourge in tropical regions.

Schistosomiasis, or snail fever, afflicts about 200 million people, chiefly in Latin America, Africa and Asia. Caused by parasitic blood flukes, it is found around marshy deltas, sewage-contaminated lakes and irrigation ditches, where the larvae of the worms lodge in snails and flourish. Invading the human body through the skin, the larvae head for the liver, there mature into flukes that migrate to the small veins of the bowel, where the female lays innumerable eggs every day, sometimes for years. Many eggs are swept into the liver and other organs. They cause irritation and scarring in the liver (which leads to enlargement of the spleen), intestinal damage, bleeding from the esophagus, stunting of growth, anemia and blood in the urine. Though surgery to remove the spleen gives the patient some relief, it does not eliminate the flukes, which go right on laying eggs.

**A Dose of Emetic.** Now, Cornell University's Dr. B. H. Kean, a specialist in tropical medicine, and Surgeon Edward I. Goldsmith have devised a method to remove most of the flukes. The two reasoned that when a patient is cut open to have his spleen removed, he might as well be rid of the flukes at the same time. They designed a system



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of tubes to pipe the blood from the vein entering the patient's liver, pumping it through a filter, and returning it to a vein in the leg (see diagram). In order to lure the flukes out of their customary lairs in the intestinal veins, they give patients a single injection of tartar emetic. The flukes, which find the emetic as unpleasant as most human beings do, come scurrying out into the main bloodstream, and are shunted through the tubes. Since they are about half an inch long, they are stopped and trapped by the filter, while the blood passes through, unharmed.

Reporting to the A.M.A. on the results of the first 20 applications of the technique on schistosomiasis victims in Brazil, Dr. Kean said as many as 1,668 worms had been filtered from the blood of a single patient. The patients had been excreting thousands of eggs a day; after the operation, ten excreted no more eggs, suggesting that all the mated flukes had been filtered out of their systems, and seven others showed great improvement. Though it was developed specifically for the fluke *Schistosoma mansoni*, common in South America and Africa, Drs. Kean and Goldsmith believe the technique can be adapted to remove both the Asiatic form, which causes an even more severe disease, and a variety that is common in the Near East and exposes Africans to double jeopardy.

## CARDIOLOGY

### Diet & the Heart

Each year, 160,000 U.S. men die from coronary-artery disease before the age of 70. Many doctors have suspected for some time that a good number of them could prolong their lives by changing their eating habits—but proving the proposition was another matter. One reason: nobody knew whether it was possible to persuade a sufficient number of men leading normal lives to go on a low-fat diet and stick to it. At last week's A.M.A. meeting, the Executive Committee on Diet and Heart Disease reported after a long-term pilot project involving 2,000 men aged 45 to 54 that it was indeed possible. The next step, said the committee, is to seek more conclusive proof by enlisting up to 100,000 men aged 40-59 in a new, \$50 million study.

For two years, most of the men in the pilot study lived on diets that either were low in fat, or substituted polyunsaturated fats for saturated fats wherever possible. Most started out overweight and with high blood-cholesterol levels. By adhering to the diets, despite the inconveniences and deprivations involved, most lost weight and reduced their cholesterol levels. Many also cut down on their smoking or quit altogether. Only half as many suffered heart attacks as among nondieting men of the same age.

But, said the committee, the num-

bers involved were too small for a firm conclusion that the diets alone were really protective. In addition, too many other factors were involved—among them economic status and the change in smoking habits. Urging the National Heart Institute to set up a far bigger study, the committee suggested that at least 40,000 men in their 40s and 50s who have high cholesterol levels but no evidence of heart disease be placed on special diets. At the same time, an equal number of men with similar characteristics would serve as "controls" by continuing to eat as they please. Even if the Heart Institute acted immediately on the recommendation, however, no decisive results could be expected until 1975 at the earliest.

Ironically, the Cleveland Clinic's Dr.

practically no meat or saturated fat and have low cholesterol and blood-pressure levels even in their 70s. They are a quiet people, but that alone did not explain why their hearing is amazingly sharp, especially for frequencies as high as 12,000 cycles per second—about the upper limit for an adult Western man. Equally significant, said Dr. Rosen, the Mabaan have no pronounced hearing loss at 4,000 c.p.s., which is particularly associated with loss of elasticity throughout the body, including small bone joints in the inner ear.

To test his hypothesis, Dr. Rosen later studied men in two mental hospitals in Finland, where the intake of hard dairy fats and the incidence of heart disease are about the world's highest. Finnish doctors put the men in one hospi-



DR. ROSEN TESTING MABAAN TRIBESMAN IN THE SUDAN  
Connecting high frequencies and low incidence.

Irvine H. Page, 66. (TIME cover, Oct. 31, 1955), who served as chairman of the Diet-Heart Committee, was unable to present its report to the A.M.A. convention. Though he has kept slim, exercised often and followed his own low-fat regimen for years, he was recovering, in Cleveland City Hospital, from a mild heart attack.

### Hearing & the Heart

The association between dietary fats and heart disease (see above) seemed a strange subject for an ear and hearing specialist to be discussing. But Manhattan Ear Surgeon Samuel Rosen believes that the loss of hearing acuity in men and the incidence of heart attacks may have something in common. And he offered some fascinating evidence at the A.M.A. convention last week to support the idea.

Dr. Rosen got on the trail among the Mabaan, a primitive tribe in a remote part of the southeast Sudan who eat

tal on a low-fat diet. After five years, their cholesterol levels and their heart-disease death rate dropped, as expected. In addition, low-fat men in the 50- to 59 age range had more acute hearing than men aged 40 to 49 in the nondiet, high-fat hospital.

Dr. Rosen maintains that loss of hearing with aging results largely from clogging and hardening of the minute arteries nourishing the ear. If so, it may be possible to detect future victims of heart disease early in life by a simple, though sensitive, hearing test. Finns aged 10 to 29, on high-fat diets, suffer hearing loss earlier than young Yugoslavs or Cretans, on low-fat diets. To find out whether the pattern holds for the U.S., Dr. Rosen is studying New York City schoolchildren and their parents. If a simple hearing test does indeed give early warning of heart disease, he said, the time to put Americans on a low-fat, anti-cholesterol diet may be during childhood.

# MUSIC

## FESTIVALS

### Soulin' at Monterey

"I'm just blowing my mind!" cried a net-stocked coed last week on the Monterey County Fairgrounds in California. She wasn't the only one. Around her, hedecked with beads, boots, faded Levi's, granny dresses, stovepipe hats, bells and tambourines, 50,000 members of the turned-on generation celebrated the rites of life, liberty and the pursuit of hippiness. That pursuit is by now a familiar national folkway, which, as often as not, is set to the beat of pop music. Indoors, it comes complete with pulsing lights, blinding flashes of projected photographs and whorls of smoke. Outdoors, it all seems more healthy, and in this instance, the seekers at Monterey had assembled not for a break-out but for a tune-in—the first International Pop Festival.

The festival part was plenty festive. The throngs watched psychedelic movies, strolled through a mid-midway of booths offering everything from underground buttons to paper dresses, dug the din of makeshift steel bands, and scattered over the grounds with guitars and blankets to strum, sing, socialize, or simply sleep. Onstage in the 7,000-seat arena, an English group called The Who set off smoke bombs, smashed a guitar and kicked over their drums. American Singer Jimi Hendrix topped that by plucking his guitar strings with his teeth, and for an encore set the entire instrument on fire.

**Hypnotic Droning.** But not all was frumpy and flummery. In 25 hours of sounds during the 2½-day event, there was also a surprising proportion of inventive musicality and polished showmanship. Festival Organizers John Phillips, a member of The Mamas and The Papas, and Lou Adler, a Los Angeles

record producer, persuaded more than 30 acts to perform without fee, including such high-riding successes as Lou Rawls, Simon and Garfunkel, the Jefferson Airplane, and The Mamas and The Papas. The festival's \$430,000 profit from ticket sales and television rights will be distributed "for the cause of music" at the discretion of a board of governors, that includes Beatle Paul McCartney, Paul Simon and Simon and Garfunkel, and Singer and Motown Records Executive Smokey Robinson.

The variety of performers plugging into the bank of amplifiers on the arena stage during five concerts showed how many tributaries the mixed stream of pop music draws on today—from blues (Paul Butterfield) and jazz (Trumpeter Hugh Masakela) to folk (English Singer Beverly) and country and western (Johnny Rivers). Ravi Shankar, whose classical sitar playing has been so enthusiastically applauded and imitated in the U.S. jazz and pop world that he has opened a school for Indian music in Los Angeles, had an entire concert to himself. A capacity audience sat breathlessly silent during his hypnotic droning and twanging of ancient ragas, then leaped to its feet at the end to give him one of the biggest ovations of the festival.

**Taking Off.** But what emerged beyond question as the mainstream of pop music today was the "soul" sound. Earthy, vibrant and swinging, it derives from blues, gospel singing and jazz. Once it was concentrated in a separate pocket of the business called rhythm and blues—Negro music for the Negro market. Now its leading Negro purveyors, such as Ray Charles, James Brown, Aretha Franklin and Dionne Warwick, are high on the bestseller charts, and white performers are eagerly falling in with the spirit of it. When soul took

over last week, the festival took off. Among the high points: Janis Joplin, backed by a San Francisco group called Big Brother and the Holding Company, belting out a biting alto and stamping her feet like a flamenco dancer; Downhome Shouter Buddy Miles sparking Guitarist Mike Bloomfield and his group, the Electric Flag, to a blues-rock frenzy; Singer Otis Redding soaring lustily over the hard-driving beat of Booker T and the MG's.

In all, with the high incidence of musical quality and the low incidence of violence and lawbreaking, it was a festival to make everybody happy. Well, almost everybody. There were complaints about the volume from as far away as Pacific Grove, six miles from the fairgrounds.

## INSTRUMENTALISTS

### Seeking a Mark

Like some Michelangelo who carves peach pits, or a Shakespeare whose medium is the haiku, Harmonica Virtuoso Larry Adler has found that there are grave drawbacks to being the best of a rare breed. His tongue-twisting technique and feathery phrasing have dazzled concert audiences for more than a quarter-century; but purists still dismiss his performances of classical music as gimmickry, akin to playing horn concertos on a length of garden hose. Now and then, such composers as Ralph Vaughan Williams and Darius Milhaud have written pieces for him, but the repertory for harmonica remains woefully thin; most of Adler's concert selections must be adapted from music for other instruments.

**Reedy Skittering.** That is only one of the handicaps Adler has faced over the years. In 1949, after he was accused of being a Communist sympathizer, he went into professional exile from the U.S., making London his concert, TV and recording base as well as his home. Except for a year-long sojourn in 1959, he has returned only for occasional engagements since.

Now his prospects in the U.S. are brightening again. RCA Victor has signed him to a new contract, and plans to record four concertos that were created for him; plus rarely heard pieces by Gershwin, Jerome Kern and Cole Porter. Recently, Conductor Andre Kostelanetz featured Adler in the New York Philharmonic's informal "Promenades" series at Manhattan's Lincoln Center—his first appearance with the Philharmonic in more than 20 years. His performances of *Rumantsev Fantasy* for

The charge was most dramatically made by Mrs. John I. McCullough, then a resident of Greenwich, Conn., who objected to a local appearance by Adler and Dancer Paul Draper on the ground that their appearances at certain political rallies showed they were "pro-Communist" in sympathy. Adler and Draper countered with a widely publicized label suit that ended in a hung jury.



GUITARIST BLOOMFIELD



BLUES SHOUTER BUTTERFIELD



SINGER REDDING

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ADLER IN ISRAEL

Expanding on a footnote.

*Harmonica and Orchestra*, written for him in 1956 by Rumanian-born Composer Francis Chagrin, were worth the wait. As his hands fluttered and curved expressively around the instrument, his reedy, plaintive tone skittered through Chagrin's melodic score like something sprung from the wedding of an oboe with a gypsy fiddle. Last week Adler made one of his rare TV appearances, playing his beguiling transcription of the gavotte from Bach's *Partita No. 3* for unaccompanied violin on the *Mike Douglas Show*. And while the taped program was being shown around the U.S., he was already in Israel, entertaining the troops.

**After Genevieve.** In spite of all this, the 53-year-old Adler has begun to brood that "what I know is likely to die with me." He has started the tricky task of giving formal lessons on a technique that he himself worked out by instinct; meantime, he is turning increasingly to an activity that offers a better chance of enduring fame—composing. Although in his earlier career he boasted that he could neither read nor write music, he eventually learned, and even studied composition with Ernst Toch for a year. In 1953, he got the chance to do the score for the British comedy film *Genevieve*; his music won an Academy Award nomination, and led to writing and playing assignments for another 15 movies (recently *King and Country*, *A High Wind in Jamaica*).

His latest project—the score for a forthcoming TV musical commissioned by the BBC—is a crucial test, since it is his first major work not built around his harmonica playing. In his own mind he apparently passes the test, for he is now seeking Thornton Wilder's approval for a musical version of *The Skin of Our Teeth*. "At the moment, I feel I'm a kind of footnote in musical history," Adler explains. "I've put something into concert music that wasn't there before. But if I could make a real mark as a composer, it would give me more satisfaction than playing."

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# ART

## PAINTING

### Unrealism in Moscow

A few young artists in Russia today are gluing together unrealistic collages, or artists are opting for eye-twisting geometry, and there is even a group of painters in their 30s and 40s who throw together unsocialist images just because they feel like it. The Western world sees precious little of their work, for the Moscow Union of Soviet Artists is dominated by middle-aged academicians who learned their trade in the heyday of Stalinist realism. Their ponderous paucity to Lenin and heroic hobnob tenders go into official displays such as the Venice Biennale and Expo 67. Only an occasional private exhibition affords Westerners a glimpse behind the red-tape curtain. One such view is offered by the new display of Russian painting at Manhattan's Gallery of Modern Art. Included in it are some 20 pictures from the collection of Nina Stevens, Russian-born wife of the CBS correspondent in Moscow.

Nina Stevens, as it happens, is not a partisan of Russia's equivalents to Rauschenberg or Julio Le Parc. Her preferences center around a group of Moscovites over 30 whose academic indoctrination was interrupted by World War II. They work as book illustrators or in publishing houses. Their paintings are frequently primitive, but often by design as well as accident, since many of them are familiar with the work of French Brutalist Jean Dubuffet and Mexican pre-Columbian art. Above all, they hark back to the powerful, stylized tradition of Russian icon painting that flourished between the 15th and 17th centuries.

**Cruciform Mazes.** The Moscow group is frankly nostalgic—and, since the past is most memorably represented in the Soviet Union by its cupolaed churches and molding mosques, their imagery tends to be religious. This is particularly evident in the glittering panels of Dimitri Plavinsky, 30, a painter who has

traveled extensively in Central Asia, where, he writes, "I came to know the magic voice of silence communicated by the crumbling walls of mosques, mazes of deserted cities and the intricate patterns of Asian mosaics."

One of Plavinsky's works in New York is in fact called *The Voices of Silence*. It is a semiabstract panel composed of fragments of Moslem designs, a hand print, a feather, a fish, cruciform mazes and futuristic line designs. *Prayer* is a pen-and-ink drawing of two hands pressed together, with passages lettered beneath in a Russian so archaic that it is said that even Slavonic scholars have been unable to decipher it. *Coelacanth* is a brightly colored portrait of the prehistoric fish, his wizened face gleaming like a phosphorescent fossil. Plavinsky, says Mrs. Stevens, is entirely unaware that a fish is the Christian symbol for Christ.

## SCULPTURE

### Demigods from Stamford

"I hate this age," says Sculptor Reuben Nakian. "It's very cold here. So you have to train yourself to ignore it." For years, Nakian has been training exuberantly at his Stamford, Conn., studio by designing huge, flagrant evocations of Greek nymphs and goddesses (see *color opposite*). Modern U.S. sculpture in classical themes seems a bit like vodka martinis in Grecian urns. Yet Nakian's polythitic Ledas, Hebeas and Olympias are lusted after by some of the most adventurous contemporary curators and collectors in the country.

Last week, as Nakian approached his 70th birthday, his glowing and explicit *Goddess of the Golden Thighs* was adding a touch of lust to the Los Angeles County Museum's mammoth "American Sculpture of the Sixties" exhibit. The work, he says, is meant to symbolize "the birth of the universe; like coming out of woman, all life comes out of the female." Also last week, the Art Institute of Chicago opened a 27-

sculptor summer exhibit called "A Generation of Innovation." Curator A. James Speyer noted that "works of virtue by many noted sculptors are not included because of adherence to traditions earlier than our period." Still, Nakian's four-piece plaster *Judgment of Paris* (consisting of Paris, Minerva, Juno and Venus) is prominently displayed. To Speyer, the undercurrents of the exhibition are "the romantic trends that emerged in the '50s, both in abstract and figurative work." Nakian's work fits both categories.

Last summer Manhattan's



REUBEN NAKIAN

*Romance over burlap drapery.*

Museum of Modern Art staged a one-man exhibit of Nakian's work that illustrated how his style, as he says, "grew out of me as a tree grows." Born to Armenian immigrants on Long Island, Nakian studied during World War I with Manhattan's Sculptor Paul Marship. By the 1930s, he had won some renown for his idealized, 8-ft.-tall statue of Babe Ruth, his heroic busts of F.D.R., Cordell Hull and other demigods of the New Deal. In the 1940s, he moved on to more remote Greco-Roman themes, explaining that "myths are good because they give you form and a grand story. I don't want only form; I want philosophy, love. You can't make a statue of a man and a woman copulating, but you can use a woman and a swan. Then it becomes poetry."

Gradually, his statues become more nonobjective, jumbled, full of more suggestive, less descriptive shapes. Poetry, perhaps, but energetic poetry. "My things have action," he says proudly today. "They're moving, quivering." To get this effect, he and his assistant, Larry McCabe, build his pieces on a frame of chicken wire, wood and metal, cover this with burlap drapery and swathe the whole in rough plaster. As a rule, the work is cast in bronze and finished in patinas of brown, green or gold only when a customer looms on the horizon, for casting costs can run up to \$20,- (\$80) per piece.

Nakian has nothing but contempt for young sculptors, of both pop and minimal persuasions. Nonetheless, he shares many contemporary traits with them. His work is massive, blunt, coarse, vulgar, infested with deliberate clumsiness—like much of pop. At the same time, it can be cryptic and withdrawn almost to the point of paranoia, challenging the viewer to discover much of its earthy sensuality for himself.



PLAVINSKY'S "COELACANTH"  
*Glimpse through the red-tape curtain.*

# EARTH MOTHERS OF A MODERN MYTHMAKER

*Ruben Nakian's subtly glowing "Goddess of the Golden Thighs" is a 20th century Venus, at one and the same time coyly elusive and brazen.*



JOHN A. GUSTAFSON

WE GATHER HERE



*Bronze "Olympia" evokes pagan sensuality at a double remove. Statue was named after*

*Manet painting which portrays the Greek goddess as a Parisian courtesan in her boudoir.*

*Backward-balanced "Minerva" portrays the most intellectual of Jupiter's daughters, springing full-grown from the brow of the earth like a lava outcropping.*



FRITZ KOENIG



*Commander Whitehead aboard the last of the old whaling ships, the Charles W. Morgan, at Mystic Seaport in Connecticut.*

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## THE THEATER

### Outpost of Habitual Culture

In a bucolic splendor of greenery, the Festival Theater of Stratford, Ont., salutes the eye like the panoplied summer court of a king. The king, of course, is Shakespeare, and the irony is that Stratford serves him rather ill in its current productions of *Richard III* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. One difficulty with cultural outposts of this sort is that audiences begin to equate their dutifulness with pleasure, and actors and directors tend to become bureaucratic keepers of tinier and tinier dramatic flames. That may be why the Stratford players perform best in a 19th century provincial satire, *The Government Inspector*, almost as if the bizarre Russian genius Nikolai Gogol had jolted them with a shock of local recognition.

I launched 15 years ago by Tyrone Guthrie as a wild dramatic dare, Stratford has evolved into a slightly smug civic investment. As a festival it has become a creature of habit which in theater is not always a loss. Habit decrees the invited guest star—but what if the key actor is as singularly miscast as Alan Bates in the title role of *Richard III*?

**Yelping Dogs.** Richard is a hunch-backed Renaissance Stalin with a monstrous thirst for power. He terrorizes less by his inveterate plots than by his malignantly charged presence, mesmerizing those whom he would murder. Called "a bottled spider" and a "hunch-backed toad," he is nonetheless poisonously fascinating. Nowhere is this more apparent than when he woos and wins the Lady Anne over the coffin of her husband, whom he has murdered. A scene that seems logically inconceivable becomes psychologically astute as Richard, who has never wept, weeps; who has never knelt, kneels. With the reckless audacity of his passion, he converts Anne's grief and loathing into something like coquetry.

If only to carry off this scene, there must be something in Richard to dominate the play and all its characters. This Alan Bates lacks. Less butcher than bullet master, less Machiavelli than Mack the Knife, Bates prances where Richard pounces, smirks where Richard sneers. While melodrama is often a parody of tragedy, it cannot stand the added parody of kidding itself, which is what Bates does. The kingdom of this play needs a masterful Richard more than Richard needs a horse.

Director John Hirsch, who staged the Lincoln Center production of *Galileo* (TIME, April 21), has had a few galvanic inspirations. Abandoning the customary fencing-match armies, he fills the stage with metal-clad soldiers who move like ponderous impersonal relentless brigades of tanks. On two levels of the stage, Richard and his enemy Richmond exhort their armies in a frenzied propaganda barrage that seems to unkenel all the yelping dogs of war.

If Richard is a fiend, the Falstaff of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is a fool, the butt of pranksters rather than the erstwhile prince of jesters. As a would-be wife chaser, the fat knight is dumped into the Thames in a basket of dirty laundry and crowned with deer antlers. Tony van Bridge is a physically imposing Sir John, with a mammoth gut, a rolling eye, a growly burp, and a flair for the wheezy epithets that Shakespeare wrote for the part. The problem is not that Van Bridge and Stratford's supporting cast do less than justice to their parts; the play's the thing, and *Wives*, alas, is one of Shakespeare's least durable—and endurable—comedies.

**Chattering Teeth.** After a feeble Richard and a tawny Falstaff, it is a particular delight to find the Stratford stage swarming with the full-bodied comic life of *The Government Inspector*, even though it is life of a special and disturbing kind. The evening is hi-

larious, but the final effect of Gogol's anarchic humor is as strangely chilling as if the voice of God consisted only of laughter.

Vladimir Nabokov once said of Gogol's play that it "begins with a blinding flash of lightning and ends in a thunderclap." Everything occurs in the interval, and yet the play is virtually plotless. A friend's letter informs the mayor of a small Russian town that a Czarist inspector is on the way, disguised as an ordinary citizen. Since the mayor (Tony van Bridge), the judge, the welfare commissioner, and every other local functionary are all seasoned bribe takers, their teeth begin chattering. The fun begins after a Tweedledum and Tweedledee pair named Bohchinsky and Dohchinsky claim to have found the government inspector holed up as a virtual recluse in a village inn.

Their discovery is actually a foppish government clerk named Khlestakov, down on his card-playing luck and drowning in debt. When the mayor and his delegates call on him, he fully expects to be carted off to jail. Instead, the mayor insists that he move into his own home, where the town worthies vie with each other to press bribes upon him. In the role of Khlestakov, William Hutt is marvelously amusing in negotiating the transition from a bewildered, feather-brained scamp to a worldly St. Petersburg seigneur. He repays the gullible town fathers with a superswindle of the imagination, a glamorous account of his fictional associations with ambassadors, counts, princes, generals and the literary elite.

Having flushed out the last local ruble, Khlestakov leaves town just before the shattering thunderclap that rings down the curtain: the arrival of the real government inspector. While Michael Langham's direction is impeccable in comic point and pacing, it might have risked bolder forays into sheer surrealism: Gogol's characters were natives of bedlam as well as Russia—and eternally human as citizens of both places.

FRANK O'NEILL



VAN BRIDGE IN "INSPECTOR"



PLAYGOERS AT STRATFORD, ONT.

From scamp to seigneur, from dramatic dare to civic investment.



## SPORT

### TRACK & FIELD

#### Higher & Faster

It was Sophomore Night at last week's A.A.U. Track and Field championships. Under the lights at Memorial Stadium in Bakersfield, Calif., a crowd of 11,600 watched in awe as a pair of second-year college boys proved that youth can serve itself, thank you, with record-breaking performances that did much to boost U.S. hopes for the 1968 Olympics—and beyond.

At 6 ft. 1 in. and 165 lbs., Southern Cal's Paul Wilson, 19, hardly looked strong enough to bend a vaulting pole, let alone provide any serious competition for U.S.C. Teammate Bob Seagren—who only two weeks before had set a new world record of 17 ft. 7 in. Wilson, who learned to vault using bamboo from neighbors' yards, soared 17 ft. 8 in. to beat Seagren's mark by an inch.

Then there was Jim Ryun. Already the fastest miler in history at 3 min. 51.3 sec., the University of Kansas sophomore had little hope of beating that time last week. Nowadays, world mile records are nearly always the result of careful planning and coordination: human mechanical rabbits are employed to insure a fast early pace, and the whole operation is carefully monitored by coaches armed with timing charts and stop watches. But there were no rabbits at Bakersfield, and the pace was so slow on the first lap that Ryun reluctantly decided to do his own pacemaking. His time at the half—1 min. 59 sec.—appeared to rule out any chance of a new record. Then Jim turned it on. With a full 600 yds. to go, he began to sprint, flashed through the last quarter in a fantastic 53.5 sec., and broke the tape at 3 min. 51.1 sec.—paring .2 sec. off his own world mark.

### GOLF

#### One Man's Game

As the golf tournament that matters most, the U.S. Open naturally has produced any number of dramatic moments, spectacular shots and brilliant performances—the eagle-two that won the 1939 Open for Byron Nelson, the nine-hole score of 30 that Arnold Palmer shot in 1960, the third-round 66 that boosted a heat-sick and exhausted Ken Venturi toward the title in 1964. But never in 72 years has the Open seen a complete round of golf to equal the final 18 played by Jack Nicklaus on the Lower Course at New Jersey's Baltusrol Golf Club last week. In an almost casual display of power and precision, concentration and confidence, Nicklaus ripped Baltusrol to shreds with a five-under-par 65 that gave him a four-stroke victory and a 72-hole score of 275—best in Open history.

Breaking records is nothing new for Nicklaus, 27. When he was only 20, he went through the World Amateur Team championships at Merion Golf Club in Ardmore, Pa., in 269—the lowest score ever recorded by an amateur in major competition. Two years ago, he smashed the Masters record with a 17-under-par 271. He set pro golf's all-time official money-winning mark with \$140,752 in 1965, and he is one of only four golfers (Gene Sarazen, Ben Hogan and Gary Player are the others) who have won all of golf's top four tournaments: the U.S. and British Opens, the Masters, the P.G.A. But as he went into last week's Open, Jack's official winnings for 1967 were only \$31,321, and he had not won a tournament in five months. His problem, he said, was that he had been taking too much advice. "I've been learning to do things the way they're supposed to be done, instead of

the way I do them naturally. From now on, I'm going to play my own way."

**Fair Warning.** One of the unnatural habits Nicklaus had acquired was a hook: he used to hit all his shots with a slight left-to-right fade. Another was a deliberately long, pendulum-like putting stroke—in place of the short, choppy stroke he had used throughout most of his career. At Baltusrol, Jack decided to do what came naturally, and in practice he fired a fantastic 62—eight strokes under par, two under the competitive course record. Arnold Palmer bravely insisted: "That won't shake anybody up but Jack."

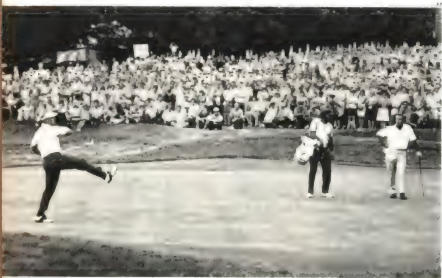
For three rounds, while Nicklaus was shooting 71-67-72 and trying to get properly acquainted with his borrowed, white-painted putter, center stage belonged to a 23-year-old Texas amateur named Marty Fleckman. The son of a Port Arthur lumber dealer, Fleckman became the first amateur in 34 years to lead the Open after 54 holes when he fired 67-73-69 for a one-stroke margin over Nicklaus, Palmer and Billy Casper. Then out for the last round came the four contenders—and a physiognomist could have picked the winner. Fleckman was visibly nervous; Arnie was intent; Casper stood tranquilly on the first tee, gazing vacantly at the sky. Nicklaus was smiling and strutting like a sergeant major.

**Playing It Safe.** For 18 wondrous holes, while Casper sprayed his tee shots, Fleckman blew sky-high and Palmer could not buy a birdie putt, Nicklaus was magnificent. He birdied the third hole from 12 ft., the fourth from 4 ft., the fifth from 14 ft., the seventh from 22 ft., the eighth from 4 ft., the 13th from 4 ft., the 14th from 5 ft. In all, he used only 29 putts. With a four-stroke lead and only the par-five 542-yd. 18th left to play, Jack decided to take no chances and hit a No. 1 iron instead of a wood off the tee. The ball sliced into the rough; Nicklaus pitched out—and reached for the No. 1 again. This time he belted it a full 240 yds., onto the green, 22 ft. from the pin. Jack carefully surveyed the putt and stroked it straight into the center of the cup for \$30,000 and his second U.S. Open victory—breaking Ben Hogan's 19-year-old Open record by one stroke. Bobby Jones probably put it best when he remarked after the Masters two years ago: "Those other fellows play superb golf. Nicklaus plays a game with which I am not familiar."

### BASEBALL

#### The Ten-Per-Centers

Pitching is supposed to be 90% of baseball—so how do you account for the St. Louis Cardinals? Two weeks ago, St. Louis was second in the National League, three games behind the Cincinnati Reds. Last week the roles were reversed, and it certainly had nothing to do with pitching. In ten games, St. Louis hurlers gave up 80 hits and 25 runs. But, oh, that other 10%! Batter-



NICKLAUS CELEBRATING FINAL BIRDIE AT BALTUSROL  
Ignoring too much good advice.



CEPEDA AFTER GAME-WINNING HOMER  
So much for mathematics.

ing opposing pitchers for 92 hits and 48 runs, the Cardinals won nine of the ten games—six of them in a row.

Nearly everyone in the line-up had a hand in the St. Louis assault and battery. Catcher Tim McCarver, whose lifetime average is only .278, banged out 16 hits in 36 trips to the plate to raise his 1967 average to over .330. There he found himself battling for third place in the standings with Cardinal First Baseman Orlando Cepeda, who won one game with a two-run homer—and clinched another with a three-run blast. Rightfielder Roger Maris, hitting a solid .302, contributed an eleventh-inning double that drove in a winning run against the Houston Astros and an eighth-inning homer that beat the Philadelphia Phillies 3-2. Two other Cards—Centerfielder Curt Flood and Leftfielder Lou Brock—were batting well over .300 last week, and even Shortstop Dal Maxvill, the worst hitter (at .224) among the St. Louis regulars, did his bit with a tie-breaking single against the Los Angeles Dodgers. Pitching? 90%? Tell it to the rest of the National League.

## TENNIS

### Anyone?

There are twice as many tennis players in the U.S. (10 million) as there are people in Ecuador. (5,000,000), and the list of participants on a Sunday at the courts in Manhattan's Central Park is longer than the membership rolls (500) at all of Ecuador's five tennis clubs combined. But the U.S. Davis Cup team, which in eight years has managed to lose to Mexico, Italy (twice), Spain and Brazil, was not about to let statistics stand in the way. In Guayaquil last week, a four-man U.S. squad headed by Arthur Ashe—ranked the No. 1 amateur in the U.S. and No. 4 in the world—was upset by a couple

of Ecuadorians who had never won a major tournament in their lives.

The son of a poor rice farmer in Urbina Judo, 260 miles southwest of Quito, Miguel Olvera, 27, works as an administrative assistant at the Guayaquil Tennis Club—a job that pays him \$200 a month. Francisco ("Pancho") Guzman, 21, is the son of a Guayaquil businessman and a dues-paying member of the club. Neither is particularly well known outside the country. Olvera was eliminated in the first round at Wimbledon last year, and Guzman's best showing abroad came in 1964, when he was beaten in three sets by somebody named Bill Harris in the semifinals of Miami's Orange Bowl junior tournament.

**Double Fault.** Not even a home-court advantage figured to be much help to Olvera and Guzman when it came to playing the likes of Ashe, Cliff Richey and the U.S. doubles team of Marty Riessen and Clark Graebner—all of whom are veterans of the international circuit. Richey got the U.S. off to a 1-0 lead in the best-of-five series by beating Guzman, 6-2, 2-6, 8-6, 6-4. But what happened after that was incredible. Ashe, who had not lost a single set in Davis Cup play this year, lost three in a row—and the second match—to Olvera. Riessen and Graebner, after winning the first set of the doubles at love, lost, 6-0, 7-9, 3-6, 6-4, 6-8. Finally, Ashe added irony to injury by losing to Guzman, 6-0, 4-6, 2-6, 6-0, 3-6—double-faulting away the match point that gave Ecuador an unassailable 3-1 lead.

Rushing pell-mell onto the court to congratulate his players, Ecuador's non-playing Team Captain Danilo Carrera tried to hurdle the net, tripped, fell and gloriously snapped an ankle. The victory was so unexpected that Ecuadorian tennis officials had no funds set aside to send Olvera and Guzman to next month's interzone semifinals in Europe. They immediately began taking up a collection—and U.S. Captain George MacCall contributed \$50. For the losers, there was one final humiliation. From London came word that for the first time in memory no American player would be seeded in the men's championships this week at Wimbledon.

## AUTO RACING

### All-American Success

The first time a U.S. car won a Grand Prix race was in 1921, when Jimmy Murphy of Vernon, Calif., drove a Duesenberg to victory at Le Mans at an average speed of 78.1 m.p.h. in the French Grand Prix. The second time was last week—in the latest Grand Prix ever run. At Spa-Francorchamps, deep in the Ardennes Forest of eastern Belgium, *The Star-Spangled Banner* blared out over loudspeakers after California's Dan Gurney, 36, in a Formula I American Eagle, averaged 145.67 m.p.h. to win the Belgian Grand Prix.

The victory could hardly have been more timely: American Eagle was on the verge of extinction. The bird was

hatched less than three years ago in a London taxicab, shared by Texas' Carroll Shelby—best known as the designer of the Ford Cobra—and Gurney, who had dreams of driving a U.S. Formula 1 car ever since he began racing for Italy's Enzo Ferrari in 1958. Shelby and Gurney pooled their savings, founded a firm called All American Racers Inc., opened a factory in Santa Ana, Calif. Working with Britain's Weslake Development Co., they produced a brand-new, three-liter engine—a tiny 400-h.p. V-12—and a chassis to match. Built largely of magnesium and titanium, the whole car weighed only 1,185 lbs. The project, of course, was painfully expensive. In all, Gurney and Shelby built four Formula 1 American Eagles in Santa Ana, at an average cost of \$50,000. To help cover the costs, they signed contracts with two commercial sponsors—Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. and Mobil Oil Corp. This year Mobil pulled out, leaving A.A.R. short the \$300,000 it needed to mount a full-scale effort on the Grand Prix circuit.

Gurney's answer was to go public. Forming the "All American Racers Eagle Club," he peddled memberships at \$15 apiece, by this month had raised \$13,000—and entered one car at Spa. One was enough. Starting in the middle of the first row, he trailed Jimmy Clark's Lotus-Ford and Jackie Stewart's B.R.M. through the first 20 laps, then roared into the lead and pulled away to win by 63 sec, despite a balky, smoking engine. The victory earned Dan nine points toward the Grand Prix championship that he has never managed to win although he has tied for third and placed fourth in the final standings driving foreign cars. "It's a long season, and I don't want to make any predictions," said Gurney. "But this win was no fluke."



GURNEY & WINNING EAGLE  
Hatched in a cab.

## RELIGION

### JUDAISM

#### Should the Temple Be Rebuilt?

Israel's conquest of Jordanian Jerusalem, which sent thousands of devout Jews to pray in freedom before the historic Wailing Wall for the first time in centuries, has raised an interesting theological conundrum. Assuming that Israel keeps the Wall, which is one of the few remaining ruins of Judaism's Second Temple, has the time now come for the erection of the Third Temple?

Since the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, in A.D. 70, Conservative and Orthodox Jews have beseeched God four times a week to "renew our days as they once were"—a plea for the restoration of the Temple. Although Zionism was largely a secular movement, one of its sources was the prayers of Jews for a return to Palestine so that they could build a new Temple.

**Holocaust & Diaspora.** The First Temple was built by King Solomon as a dwelling place for God on Mount Moriah in Jerusalem around 966 B.C. It was destroyed by the Babylonians in the 6th century B.C., but a Second Temple was erected upon the same site in 515 B.C., after the return from exile. This Temple, in turn, was destroyed by the Romans when they turned Jerusalem into a flaming holocaust and sent its inhabitants into the Diaspora. Although most Jews fled the city, a few remained to befall the fate of God's people at the Temple site; the principal ruin ultimately became known as the Wailing Wall.

Learned Jewish opinion has long debated when and how the Temple can be rebuilt. The great medieval philosopher Maimonides, in his Code of Jew-

ish Law, argued that every generation of Jews was obliged to rebuild the Temple if its site was ever retaken, if a leader descended from David could be found, and if the enemies of Judaism were destroyed. Since Maimonides' time, however, most rabbis have gloomily concluded that the restoration of the Temple would have to wait until the coming of the Messiah. In line with that reasoning, the chief rabbinite of Israel issued a warning after the capture of Jordanian Jerusalem that no Jew should step inside the Temple area.

**Real Cohens.** Whether or not the building of a new Temple should wait until the Messiah arrives, Jewish theology presents several obstacles to its construction. For one thing, the Law requires that the Temple be administered by Cohens (priests), who are the descendants of Moses' brother Aaron. Yet so many nonpriestly Jews have assumed the name Cohen that rabbinical experts would face a legal nightmare in trying to trace authentic genealogies. For another, the Torah specifies that Temple ritual include daily animal sacrifices—a concept alien to the humane sensitivities of most modern Jews. An even greater obstacle is that the Temple must be constructed on its original site; this could only be done by demolishing Islam's sacred Dome of the Rock, the spot from which Mohammed ascended into heaven. Despite their enmity with Arab nations, devout Jews would be reluctant to destroy the shrine of another faith.

Nonetheless, such is Israel's euphoria today that some Jews see plausible theological grounds for discussing reconstruction. They base their argument on the contention that Israel has already en-

tered its "Messianic era." In 1948, they note, Israel's chief rabbis ruled that with the establishment of the Jewish state and the "ingathering of the exiles," the age of redemption had begun. Today, many of Israel's religious leaders are convinced that the Jews' victory over the Arabs has taken Judaism well beyond that point. Says Historian Israel Eldad: "We are at the stage where David was when he liberated Jerusalem. From that time until the construction of the Temple by Solomon, only one generation passed. So will it be with us." And what about that Moslem shrine? Answers Eldad: "It is of course an open question. Who knows? Perhaps there will be an earthquake."

### ROMAN CATHOLICS

#### Celibacy Confirmed

Pope Paul last week closed the doors on any hopes that the Roman Catholic Church might soon relax its insistence on celibacy for priests. In a 12,500-word encyclical called *Sacerdotalis Coelibatus* (Priestly Celibacy), the Pope decreed that the present ban on marriage "should today continue to be firmly linked to the ecclesiastical ministry."

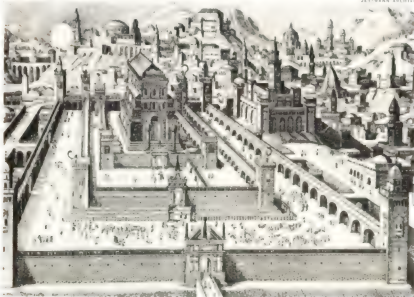
One by one, the Pope took up the objections to celibacy—that it is contrary to human nature, that there is no Scriptural basis for it, that its observance has become almost impossible—and rejected them all. On the practical level, he answered, celibacy "gives to the priest the maximum efficiency." He described "the heavy and sweet burden" of chastity for priests as "the total and generous gift of themselves" to Christ. "Priestly celibacy," he declared, "has been guarded by the church for centuries as a brilliant jewel, and retains its value undiminished even in our time."

The encyclical referred to the recent wave of priests who have left the church to marry as "lamentable," and proposed rigorous new methods of choosing and training candidates for the cassock, including more psychological guidance. For the moment at least, the encyclical would still public argument within the church on the issue, but it was unlikely to change the feeling of clerics who regard celibacy as a burden that is heavy without being sweet. Within the past three years, no fewer than 4,000 priests have asked Rome to release them from their vows in order to marry. A poll conducted last year by Jesuit Sociologist Joseph Fichter indicated that 62% of U.S. priests favored a relaxation in the ban against marriage.

### ECUMENISM

#### Talk Within the Club

In Chicago last week, 145 theologians, church historians, priests and ministers gathered for the organizational meeting of the brand-new North American Academy of Ecumenists. For most of the participants, it was like a college reunion. Many had spent the previous



SECOND TEMPLE

"Renew our days as they once were."

week at an interfaith Colloquium on evangelism at Notre Dame. Others were veterans of the series of theological dialogues carried on by the Roman Catholic hierarchy with various U.S. Protestant churches. Still others had attended talks at the World Center for Liturgical Studies in Florida, the Packard Manse retreat house in Massachusetts, the Jesuits' John LaFarge Institute in Manhattan, or countless other U.S. interfaith gathering places.

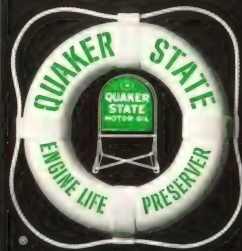
Since ecumenism has become an accepted part of church life, all too many exponents of church unity have discovered to their horror that they spend most of their time attending interfaith meetings. According to Jesuit Theologian Daniel O'Hanlon of California's Alma College, so many interfaith organizations and dialogues are under way that there "may be a need for an ecumenical movement to bring the ecumenical committees together."

**An End in Itself.** Although most professional ecumenists are good friends, some feel that they may be seeing too much of the same old faces. The Rev. Colin Williams, who attends about 200 ecumenical meetings a year on behalf of the National Council of Churches, admits that "quite a few of us are getting tired of hashing over the same issues and crossing each other's paths." President James I. McCord of Princeton Theological Seminary shares Williams' view that the ecumenical societies are proliferating too fast, fears that "talking may become an end in itself."

While theologians like to be popular, some worry because every new ecumenical venture invariably seeks out the same familiar names. Methodist Albert Outler of Dallas, who was an observer at the Vatican Council, is the automatic choice of any new Catholic-sponsored organization. Jesuit John Courtney Murray ranks equally high in Protestant esteem. So great is their concern for church unity that these ecumenists are generally reluctant to turn down any serious new offer—and the result is still another amiable interlocking directorate. "It is the thing to do," says one popular Protestant theologian. "If you say no too often, somebody's liable to accuse you of beating your wife or hating kids."

**Wider Echelons.** The great danger of so much clubbiness, believes Murray, is that interfaith discussions "are in danger of spinning off into the blue" and becoming the private province of an ecumenical clique. He believes that ecumenical discussion, hitherto largely limited to a cadre of top theologians, needs to bring in significantly wider echelons of the church at large. "What we need," he says, "are parish priests, members of the bureaucracy, people who can give practical application to what goes on at these meetings. The discussions tend not to run down but to go round and round, and the way out of the circle is through church organization to the parishioners."

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## EDUCATION

### UNIVERSITIES

#### Novel Ideas at Nova U.

Despite the financial obstacles facing most private universities (TIME cover, June 23), academe still has fearless optimists who figure they know how to beat the odds. No one is more confident of ultimate success than Warren J. Winstead, president of the brand-new Nova University near Fort Lauderdale, Fla. Brashly aimed at becoming a Southern counterpart to Caltech and M.I.T., Nova U. is being guided by a blue-ribbon panel of top educators, will open its first classes this fall with just 21 graduate students, all on full fellowships—and also with 25 Ph.D. professors, \$9,500,000 in assets, and \$1,228,000 in promised research grants.

Winstead, 39, a Harvard Ph.D. (in education) who directed the U.S. Army's \$10,000-student education program for servicemen and their dependents in Europe until 1964, has some novel ideas about how to create a university. Instead of starting with relatively cheap undergraduate liberal arts instruction and gradually acquiring expensive graduate specialists, he is luring major scholars with big salaries (up to \$30,000) and complete freedom to research and teach only in their graduate-level specialties. Winstead shrewdly argues that "serious graduate students couldn't care less about the name of the school. They want to study under specific professors. The name Nova didn't have; the professors it could get."

**Impressive Advisers.** To gain academic respect, Winstead first acquired an impressive advisory board that will screen all faculty appointments and help set academic policy. Prestigious it is: members include James R. Killian Jr., chairman of the M.I.T. Corporation; Frederick Seitz, president of the National Academy of Sciences; Emilio Segrè, Berkeley's Nobel Laureate in physics; Athelstan Spilhaus, former dean of the University of Minnesota's Institute of Technology. That kind of backing helped Winstead overcome a handicap of most new schools: lack of accreditation. Impressed by the credentials of Nova's advisers, the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools advised Washington that Nova should qualify for federal funds.

Winstead picked his professors partly on the basis of the federal research funds they could bring to Nova. Penn State's Raymond Pepinsky, an expert in crystal physics, arrived in Fort Lauderdale with \$500,000 worth of research equipment. After more than a decade at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, William S. Richardson joined Nova, which expects to become one of the first "sea colleges" recently authorized by Congress to handle federal research in oceanography (a concept fathered, not coincidentally, by

Nova Adviser Spilhaus). To complete his campus, Winstead persuaded the Government to give Nova 91 acres of a deserted naval air station, got a \$1,100,000 federal loan for married students' housing, a \$552,000 HEW grant for an educational center.

**Jai Alai & the Derby Ball.** While extending one open palm toward Washington, Winstead keeps the other cupped at home—and with equally impressive results. He got the Florida legislature to extend Broward County's race-track season by one day, wheedled the track operators into giving Nova the extra day's take from racing and jai alai. It netted \$150,000, should yield \$250,000 a year in the future. He talked social-set leaders of nearby Hollywood into

to give generously—and a "Gold Key" society of 50 members, who must give \$1,000 a year to Nova.

Why is everyone so generous to Nova? One big reason is that Winstead has been able to document, in a professionally researched, 34-page report, that the community will more than get its money back as Nova grows. The study concludes that the university will attract technically oriented industry to Fort Lauderdale, which, by 1975, will add 15,000 skilled jobs, 35,000 service workers, and a payroll of \$630 million to the surrounding area.

Nothing if not ambitious, Winstead fully expects that, also by 1975, Nova will grow to 250 teachers and 500 graduate students. He figures that the school needs about \$1,000,000 a year in non-research operating funds to get along. At the rate money is now coming in, a million dollars looks easy to the hustling creators of Nova U.

### PUBLIC SCHOOLS

#### Decision Against De Facto

Although the U.S. Supreme Court has clearly ruled that separate school systems for whites and Negroes are unconstitutional, *de facto* segregation resulting from residential patterns has until now seemed beyond reach of the courts. Last week Judge J. Skelly Wright of the U.S. Court of Appeals ruled that *de facto* segregation is just as unlawful as the kind imposed on Negroes by Southern legislatures.

A native of New Orleans who ordered his city's schools integrated in a series of decisions between 1956 and 1962, Judge Wright delivered his 183-page ruling in a case involving the schools of Washington, D.C., in which 90% of the students are Negroes. "Racially and socially homogeneous schools," he declared, "damage the minds and spirit of all children who attend them—the Negro, the white, the poor and the affluent—and block the attainment of the broader goals of democratic education, whether the segregation occurs by law or by fact."

Judge Wright found that the District of Columbia spends \$100 more per pupil in its few predominantly white elementary schools and that these schools have vacancies, while Negro schools are overcrowded. Wright ordered the school board to bus Negro children to fill vacancies in the white schools beginning next fall. He asked the board to consider establishing educational parks, to pair schools for "maximum" integration, and to "anticipate the possibility of" a student-exchange program with predominantly white suburban school districts. Such cooperation, of course, would require mass busing, which is both expensive and inconvenient. Conceding that absolute racial balance is impossible, Wright stressed that the immediate need was for more money to improve the quality of education in schools that remain segregated.



WINSTEAD

Dollars from dogs, and donated yachts.

donating the proceeds of their Derby Ball to Nova. Result: another \$50,000 that he expects to pick up annually.

Turning to local merchants, Winstead asked them to donate "dog" merchandise that was not moving. Nova held a sale, netted \$8,000—and that, too, will be an annual affair. He coaxed 17 area banks into donating 1% of their pretax profits, which netted another \$50,000. Winstead convinced several local millionaire yachtsmen that there were tax advantages in giving their old yachts to Nova: by chartering or reselling them, the university made \$100,000 this year. "My friends call me the Commodore," beams Winstead.

**\$1,000 for a Gold Key.** As do most college presidents, Winstead has dotted his board of trustees with potential contributors: so far, the trustees have donated \$4,400,000. Winstead named an honorary alumni association of 400 community leaders—who are expected



## STUDENTS

### The Dropout Who Made Good

Joe Sorrentino has 25 scars on his hands to prove that he was one of the best street fighters that Brooklyn's tough Fort Hamilton neighborhood ever had. By the time he was 20, he had flunked out of high school four times, had been booted out of the Marines and had lost 30 jobs. That was ten years ago. This month Joe Sorrentino, now 30, was valedictorian of Harvard Law School. "It has been a long journey to this honor," he told the commencement audience, in what was almost certainly the year's most moving graduation address, "and not what social scientists would have predicted."

His father was a New York City Sanitation Department street sweeper who

HARVARD NEWS SERVICE



HARVARD'S SORRENTINO

Achiever, handy with his fists.

never went beyond the second grade. The second oldest of seven children, Joe always wanted to be "an achiever," and in Fort Hamilton, an achiever had to be handy with his fists. A veteran of more than 100 rumbles, Joe was put on probation by a juvenile court after one particularly bloody street fight. "When I was in my first year, I failed out of Fort Hamilton High School in Brooklyn," he said in his address. "Not long after, I enrolled in Bay Ridge High School at night. I failed there also. I tried a third time at Bay Ridge, but could not last the term. Then I attended Washington Irving at night, and again could not finish."

**Tired of Responsibility.** At 14, Joe Sorrentino began trying his hand at various jobs, achieving "a record of distinction for failing which even surpassed my scholastic career." On his first day of work at a bleach factory, "I attempt-

ed to carry ten gallons of bleach to a truck we were loading. We lost all ten. At 16, I worked in a sweater factory, where I had the embarrassing experience of being awakened from a nap by the president of the company." He failed as a longshoreman. "My next opportunity came through a furniture company's ad in the New York Times: 'Want ambitious young man who seeks responsibility.' After a month of aligning wheels of teacarts, I got tired of responsibility."

Joe was briefly with a Wall Street firm—as a messenger. At a shoe factory, his job was so lowly that "even the office girls wanted me to address them by their last names." He even worked for 20th Century-Fox, where he sent complimentary tickets for premieres to dignitaries. "I now would like to apologize to former Mayor Wagner," said Joe, "whose ticket I gave to my grandmother."

At 18, Joe enlisted in the Marines, but could not stand the discipline and "rebelled, fighting with recruits, rioting in the mess hall, trying to run away through the swamps of Parris Island" boot camp. Judged an incorrigible, he was sent packing with a general discharge. Back in Brooklyn, he was a hero to his old street-gang buddies. But somehow within himself Joe felt ashamed. At 20, he came to realize that "my only chance for a better life was through education." So he went back to high school, for the fifth time, at night, working days in a supermarket. After two years, he graduated from Erasmus Hall High School with the highest average in the night school's history.

**Blemish on the Record.** Despite only fair college-board results, his grades won him admission to the University of California at Santa Barbara. At first, Sorrentino felt he had nothing in common with the sun-tanned college youths who "talked about summer vacations, beach parties, things I knew nothing about." But he stuck it out and in his senior year, was elected president of the student body. After graduating magna cum laude, Joe went back into the Marine Corps for two years, feeling that "I had a blemish on my record and wanted to make up for that." He did. "This time I became platoon leader, highest scorer in athletic competition and changed my general to an honorable discharge."

As Harvard Law's valedictorian, Joe Sorrentino has received several offers to work for major U.S. law firms. Instead, he wants to serve a term as an assistant U.S. or state attorney in California. Concluding his valedictory address, Joe said: "Do not look for love, tragedy or trauma to explain this change. It was simply resolution from within"—and, he added, proof that "in America such things are possible." As he told a TIME correspondent last week, while studying for the California bar exam: "Many people say the U.S. system is a fraud. But this country is fair and generous. It comes closest to satisfying man's ideals."



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# U.S. BUSINESS

## CHEMICALS

### Painful "Adjustment" at Du Pont

In uncommon measure, E.I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. owes its long reign as the world's largest chemical company to its prowess at scientific research. With endless inventiveness and one of the largest corporate research budgets (\$110 million a year), Du Pont's 4,000 scientists annually discover some 1,000 completely new compounds of matter, nurse these and other laboratory-born ideas into commercial usefulness at the remarkable rate of one a month.

Whole new technologies such as nylon, the first all-synthetic fiber, and neoprene, the first U.S. commercial synthetic rubber, have sprung from Du Pont's cornucopian test tubes. Last year 175 manufacturers built the tops of 12 million pairs of shoes with Du Pont's three-year-old synthetic Corfam, which is supposed to look, feel and "breathe" like natural leather. Early this year, after twelve years and \$8,000,000 in research, the company invaded the rich pharmaceutical field by marketing an anti-flu drug named Symmetrel, which can be taken orally as either a pill or syrup. Only two weeks ago, the company introduced a recording tape aimed at the multimillion-dollar computer, television-broadcast and instrument markets. Called Crollyn, the patented tape uses chromium dioxide as its magnetic medium in place of conventional iron oxide. Du Pont says that the chromium dioxide tape not only holds twice as much information per inch as ordinary tape but reproduces high-frequency signals with greater fidelity.



DESALINIZING FIBER  
Promise in the test tube.

In the Breadbasket. Despite such painstaking achievements—and ironically, partly because of them—Du Pont this year is suffering from what President Lamont du Pont Copeland (TIME cover, Nov. 27, 1964) delicately calls "a difficult adjustment period." After reaching a record \$3.19 billion in 1966, the company's sales in the first quarter of this year fell to \$755 million, 4% below their year-earlier level. Profits plunged 24% to \$78 million, and the company expects no better results from the April-June quarter. "When autos, electrical appliances, steel and home furnishings are down, it hits us right in the breadbasket," says Treasurer H. Wallace Evans.

Du Pont's troubles center in the field it dominates: man-made fibers. As the leading U.S. maker of nylon, Dacron, Orlon and several other synthetics, Du Pont depends on textile companies for a third of its sales volume. But the textile industry skidded into a sharp slump this year because of excess inventory, rising imports and falling prices. And that downturn caught chemical companies in the midst of a major expansion of fiber-making plants. One result is that the wholesale price of Dacron has dropped 40% in the past year. The problem, says Copeland, "can well be with us for at least another year."

As if that were not enough, the company expects the just-negotiated Kennedy Round tariff cuts to squeeze its earnings further. Many U.S. chemicals have long been protected by unusually high import duties, and in order to win European agreement for freer trade in such fields as farm produce, tobacco and aluminum, U.S. negotiators agreed to hefty reductions in chemical levies. With those blows, plus a 30% loss in earnings after the Government forced the company to disgorge its 63 million-share holding of General Motors, the price of Du Pont stock has fallen almost 50% from its 1964 high of \$293.75. Last week, after losing another \$2.50, it closed at \$153.25. Even so, Du Pont remains the highest-priced stock in the Dow-Jones industrial average of 30 blue-chip companies. Its plunge has therefore pulled down that bellwether index four times as much as would a similar rate of decline in a stock priced at a more typical \$50 a share.

**Another Nylon?** To rebound, Du Pont still puts its faith in its prolific test tube. Among other promising ventures, it has recently developed a cheap but strong plastic heat exchanger, a line of nylon shutters and plastic vanity tops, and a compound called Zeset that keeps wool sweaters shrinkproof and enables felt hats to retain their shape and stiffness. For the future, Du Pont researchers envision such wonders as ski jackets that grow thicker and warmer when the temperature drops, curtains that



PRESIDENT LAMMOT COPELAND  
Trouble in the textile field.

change color or covering power when the sun hits, a fiber product that will remove salt or waste from water. Of course, as Treasurer Evans says, "we can't expect another nylon." Or could it happen? The company is already building a plant to manufacture a mystery fabric to be introduced next year. So far, Du Pont will say only that it involves "an entirely new yarn" with "higher esthetics and performance than anything now known."

## MERGERS

### Minds Unchanged

Their decision to merge into a \$2.7 billion-a-year telecommunications giant has brought International Telephone and Telegraph Corp. and the American Broadcasting Companies nothing but static. The Federal Communications Commission approved the merger last December, but only by a bitterly divided 4-to-3 margin that failed to silence objections from Congress and the Justice Department's Antitrust Division. As the clamor mounted, the FCC finally agreed in March to take another look.

Additional hearings failed to change a single FCC member's mind. Last week, splitting along the same 4-to-3 lines as it had before, the commission reaffirmed its approval of the ITT-ABC get-together. In so doing, the FCC rejected the Antitrust Division's contentions that the merger might (1) restrain competition, (2) subject ABC's public affairs programming to unusual pressures from ITT's far-flung business interests, and (3) enable ITT to drain the network of capital that otherwise might go into broadcasting. Such fears, concluded the commission majority, "are too speculative or



EXECUTIVE AIRCRAFT AT LA GUARDIA AIRPORT IN NEW YORK\*  
Susceptible to slow times and suspicious of luxury.

slight to weigh heavily in the balance."

Whether Justice's trustbusters go along with the ruling remains to be seen. Department lawyers will "read the decision critically." If still unsatisfied, they could take the biggest merger in broad-casting history into federal court.

## AVIATION

### Corporate Jet Set

The executive jet, one of the brightest gleams in the eye of the aircraft industry, is having a bit of trouble. Of the 25,000 corporate-owned planes now flying, only about 350 are jets. And with the past year's tight money, lower profits and suspension of the investment tax credit, many a businessman concluded that a private jet was an extra that his company could do without.

Naturally, this is causing some pain for planemakers. Lockheed, whose ten-passenger JetStar was the first of the corporate jets, sold 20 of the \$1,500,000 planes last year, is doing no better so far in 1967. More troubled is Wichita's Lear Jet, which found itself stuck with \$9,000,000 worth of unsold planes, had to merge last spring with Gates Rubber to get needed working capital. The slowdown is not confined to American makers. Britain's Hawker Siddeley, which delivered 65 of its jets to U.S. corporations between 1964 and 1966, sold only seven more during this year's first five months.

**Bigger Toilet.** In so new and competitive a market, the downturn is enough to try even the most persistent salesman. Rockwell-Standard Corp. President Willard F. ("Al") Rockwell Jr., whose well-diversified company (other lines: automotive parts and construction equipment) turns out the \$600,000 Jet Commander, complains that too many companies are fighting over too few customers. Underscoring the keenness of

the competition, Rockwell tells of one prospective customer, who opted for a rival jet simply "because it has a bigger toilet." Rockwell-Standard, meanwhile, plans to merge with another jet-maker, North American Aviation, though the two companies announced last week that the deal will be delayed because of an antitrust objection raised by the Justice Department. North American's Sabreliner, while one of the most successful of the corporate jets, suffered a sharp decline following last October's investment tax credit suspension.

With the credit restored (and retroactive to March 10), hopes are high for a surge in sales. Pan American, U.S. distributor of France's Dassault-built Falcon, has shown its faith by signing up for 200 Falcons to date—and, says Business Jets Division Consultant David A.

\* Including, clockwise from bottom: a Beech King Air, Cessna 310, Lear Jet, three Grumman Gulfstreams, a Hawker Siddeley 125 and a Rockwell-Standard Jet Commander.

Anderton, "that's how many we intend to sell." Equally confident is Grumman, whose new Gulfstream II has logged 75 orders even before its first scheduled delivery, later this summer.

One obstacle is the impression that corporate jets are luxuries, a notion more popular with stockholders and unions than with executives. Freely predicting that 4,000 corporate jets will be flying by 1975, the industry figures that one company's purchase of a jet will give its executives so much speed and mobility that rivals will be compelled to follow suit. "It's not just keeping up with the Joneses," says William F. Remmert, whose St. Louis-based Remmert-Werner, Inc., markets North American's Sabreliners. "It's keeping up with the competition in a business sense."

## AIRLINES

### High-Flying Supplementals

When a chartered Imperial Airlines Constellation plunged into a swamp outside Richmond, Va., in 1961, killing 74 army recruits, the struggling non-scheduled airline industry seemed to crash with it. Irked by poor safety records, corner-cutting operations and complaints from tourists stranded when companies ran out of money—and armed with a tough new law from Congress—the Civil Aeronautics Board cleaned house. Some 20 carriers went out of business, and the survivors were forced to adhere to rigorous standards.

Today, self-rechristened as "supplemental" airlines, the 13-company industry has bounced back to become the fastest-growing segment of U.S. aviation. Last year its revenues jumped 49% to a record \$213 million, and profits climbed to \$22 million—more than the nation's eleven domestic trunk airlines netted in 1963. "All the nuts and kooks have been weeded out," says President Roy E. Foulke of the National Air Carrier Association, spokesman for the supplementals. "We've got a hard-core group of operators now."

**"All They Can Handle."** With a current fleet of 25 jet planes, five turboprops and 160 older piston models, the

## THE SUPPLEMENTALS: EQUIPMENT & PROFITS

| Company           | Fleet<br>(Dec. 66)  | On Order<br>(Dec. 66)             | 1966<br>Profits (Loss) |
|-------------------|---|-----------------------------------|------------------------|
| American Flyers   | 4 Constellation, 4 DC-3,<br>4 Electra                                     | 2 727-100C                        | \$ 542,765             |
| Capitol Int.      | 3 DC-8F, 5 C-46, 12 Super Con.<br>1 Con.                                  | 3 DC-8-63F                        | 3,650,928              |
| Johnson           | 1 DC-4, 2 DC-3, 1 C-46  |                                   | 75,244                 |
| Modern Air        | 3 Convair 990A, 5 202A,<br>5 DC-7C, 5 DC-3                                | 2 Conv. 990A                      | 30,597                 |
| Overseas National | 2 DC-8-55F, 4 DC-7  | 4 DC-9-30F, 1 DC-8-63F            | 906,652                |
| Purdue Aero.      | 2 DC-6B, 2 DC-6A, 4 DC-3  |                                   | 143,599                |
| Saturn            | 11 DC-7C, 11 DC-6A  | 2 DC-8-61F                        | 2,504,391              |
| Southern Air      | 3 727, 2 DC-4, 2 DC-7C,<br>3 DC-6A-B, 3 C-46F                             |                                   | 146,762                |
| Standard          | 1 707-138B, 3 DC-7, 2 DC-9  | 1 707-138B, 1 DC-8-63F            | (319,371)              |
| Trans. Int.       | 2 DC-8F, 2 Con., 1 DC-8   | 3 DC-8-61F, 2 DC-8-63F            | 4,544,554              |
| Universal         | 3 DC-7C-F, 1 DC-7B,<br>14 DC-7B-F, 5 DC-6A, 1 DC-7C,<br>7 Argosy, 34 C-46 | 2 DC-8-61F                        | 982,664                |
| Vance Int.        | 1 DC-7-7B   |                                   | (92,343)               |
| World             | 6 707-320C, 6 DC-6A-B   | 3 707-320C, 3 747,<br>6 727-100QC | 9,380,377              |



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You can always count on one thing: Prudential understands.



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supplementals are shedding their seat-of-the-pants image. One evidence is Wall Street's increasing interest. Nashville-based Capitol International Airways (1966 sales: \$31 million) and Miami-based Saturn Airways (1966 sales: \$27 million) both went public last month. Overseas National Airways (1966 sales: \$11 million) plans to float a 470,000-share offering this week. Shares of Trans International Airlines (1966 revenue: \$31 million) have jumped from \$23 to \$48 in the over-the-counter market since the start of the year and this week will be listed on the New York Stock Exchange. After moving into a new \$273,000 headquarters at Oakland (Calif.) Airport, TIA two weeks ago took delivery on the first of five 250-passenger DC-8 jets—a model so new that only four other airlines have one in service. Says Capitol International President Jesse F. Stallings: "All of the supplemental carriers have all the business they can handle."

Part of that prosperity is due to the Viet Nam war. Ferrying troops and equipment for the Pentagon accounts for 62% of the supplementals' revenues. A big lift, however, comes from the growing travel market. Last year the CAB—to the consternation of the trunk airlines—empowered the supplementals to charter their planes to travel agents for all-expense "inclusive tours" both inside and outside the U.S.

The tours can be sold to all comers, not merely to members of established groups, at prices well below those offered by trunk lines for group tours. Only a few score such flights have taken off so far, but bookings are rising rapidly. Overseas National has been plugging its \$160 round-trip fare from New York to London (for groups of 40 or more) with full-page ads sneering at the trunk-line group minimum of \$230. "Our biggest competitors just announced the lowest jet fares in history," goes one ad's headline. "Since when is \$230 less than \$160?"

**Tours for 32,000.** Oakland-based World Airways, the largest of the supplementals, recently signed a \$5,660,000 contract with Berry World Travel of Kansas City to provide 199 round-trip tours next year for an estimated 32,000 vacationers. Most will run from New York, Chicago or California cities to Hawaii; ten will go to the Orient.

World Airways President Edward J. Daly, 44, is so enthusiastic about the future of low-fare mass travel that he has plunked down \$300,000 as a deposit on three 747s. With six Boeing 707 jet transports in its fleet and three more due for delivery this year, along with six medium-haul 727s, World has also asked the CAB for authority to operate scheduled transcontinental nonstop jet service for \$75 one way. A former general manager of Sky Coach Aircraft Corp., Daly bought World for \$50,000 in 1950. Last week, his 81% share of the firm's stock, which began trading on the Big Board in April, was worth a tidy \$278 million.



MARYLAND CUP EXECUTIVES AT OWINGS MILLS PLANT  
*Fragile cones made a strong base.*

## CORPORATIONS

### Neat Feat for Nepotism

Stretched into three generations with 47 male members and scattered from Boston to Beverly Hills, the Shapiro family nevertheless manages to reunite four times a year. It is no coincidence that the councils coincide with meetings of Maryland Cup Corp., headquartered in the Baltimore suburb of Owings Mills, established 56 years ago by first generation Joseph and Nathan Shapiro. Although the firm went public six years ago, Shapiros still own 65% of the stock and dominate its board with ten of twelve family members, headed by Joseph, 79, as chairman and Nephew Arthur H., 57, as president. In what amounts to a neat feat for nepotism, Maryland Cup has quadrupled sales in a decade, this year expects to top \$100 million for the first time.

**Revolution of Convenience.** Most of the sales gain will result from what the company describes as "the revolution of convenience." From 25 factories in 19 states, Maryland Cup turns out containers for everything from coffee to carry-out chop suey, and its growing plastics division ranges from disposable glasses for airline drinkers to "banana boats" for banana-split fanciers.

Maryland Cup does 60% of its business during warm-weather months—and ice cream plays a key part. Says Executive Vice President Merrill L. Bank, 52, who married a Shapiro: "The old days, when you walked into a drug-store and bought a hand-dipped product, are gone forever." Today, packaged ice-cream accounts for 72% of the 800 million gallons sold annually in the U.S. To win that market, Maryland Cup developed the Flex-E-Fill, a 1,200-lb. stainless steel machine capable of packaging 44 kinds of ice-cream products in different sizes at speeds of up to 200 pieces a minute. The company has "loaned" 300 Flex-E-Fills to dairies, makes its money on the containers they buy to feed the machines.

Maryland Cup also develops ice-cream specialties to build up the business. One new one this summer is the

Cannonball, a plastic cone with a gum-ball at the bottom of the ice cream. Another is called the Madcap and may revolutionize the Popsicle market. Madcaps are inverted cones of ice cream on a stick, can be spewed out in carloads by the Flex-E-Fills, and will, Maryland Cup hopes, dominate the "sticks" that are ice cream's biggest single specialty seller.

**Peace & Harmony.** The Shapiros have a special taste for ice cream, since their \$100 million concern began in 1911 as a Boston ice-cream-cone bakery. Immigrating there from Russia, Brothers Nathan and Joseph Shapiro devised a technique of using rotary bakers instead of the single-line machinery in common use. Borrowing \$10,000 from an uncle, they formed their own company, soon moved it to Baltimore—logically assuming that, since the weather there was warmer ice-cream sales would be higher.

Because fragile sugar cones travel badly, Nathan and Joseph built a string of bakeries across the country. The family followed the bakeries and ran them as individual fiefdoms. They still are to some extent, although control has increasingly become centralized. Now, explains Arthur Shapiro, "everybody picks the thing he thinks he's best at." The family's favorite example is Sam Shapiro, son of Nathan, who fired of running bakeries and in 1957 started the plastics division.

The Shapiros seldom argue. "The best thing we have going for us," comments Bank, "is that we're all in different cities." Salaries are generally figured on age levels and are much the same. The family also maintains harmony with an informal "Committee of the Third Generation," which passes on the promotions and salaries of younger members. The unwritten rule is that when one of his children is under committee discussion, the father involved has to leave the room.

From left: Executive Vice President Merrill L. Bank; Son Herbert Bank, a company project manager; Charman Joseph Shapiro; Treasurer Albert Shapiro.

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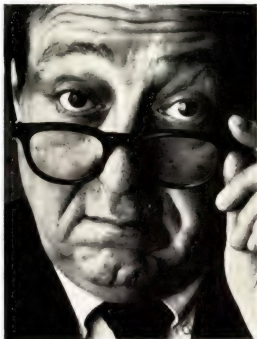
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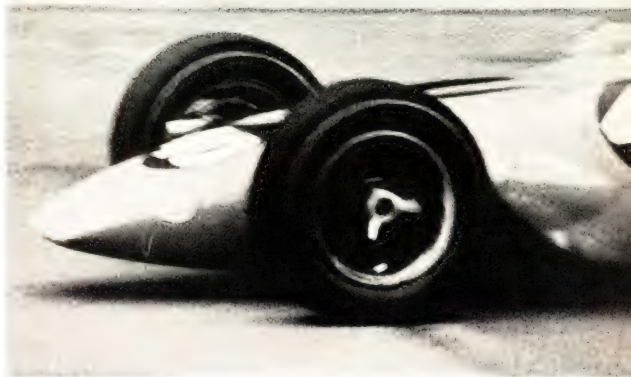
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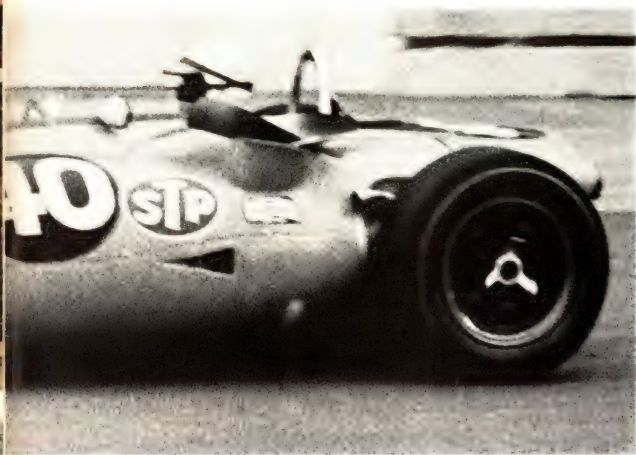
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**Whoooooosh...**



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on Firestone tires  
starts quiet revolution  
at the Indianapolis 500.**



"How laughter when Andy Granatelli and driver Maurice Jones thought their purpose was to lorry.

It looked kind of funny, with its side-mounted engine. And it didn't seem around for a racing car, instead of racing at all.

But at the end of the first lap, the laughter stopped.

The turbine was not away from the track, but it was in the "lorry" and the driver of the lorry, Maurice Jones, was the first to start the race. The first lap of the first lap, the laughter stopped.



The start of a new engine, truly racing car, possibly even passenger car. I wasn't even a race. The

turbine was not away from the track, but it was in the "lorry" and the driver of the lorry, Maurice Jones, was the first to start the race.

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# WORLD BUSINESS

## ISRAEL

### The War Is Over— Courtesy of Wissotzky Tea

To Wissotzky & Co. of Tel Aviv, its own brew was a major weapon in the war against the Arabs. Or so it would seem from post-victory advertisements that the tea company has been running in Israeli newspapers. "The gallant fighters of the Tank Corps," explain the ads, "appreciate a good cup of tea as the most invigorating drink. That is why the designer of the famous British Centurion provided facilities for the crews to brew tea inside their tanks. A good

dollars" in mobilization costs, lost matériel, destruction of property and a three-week fall-off in production. To cover these costs and to build up foreign currency reserves, the country is depending in part on a stepped-up drive for tourists. Says Tourism Minister Meir de Shalit, "After repelling the planned Arab invasion of Israel, we are now preparing to welcome the friendly invasion of visitors from all parts of the world." Greece's Olympic Airways last week issued an invitation in an ad that showed a Boeing 707 draped with an olive branch and quoted Isaiah: "... and there shall be war no more."

As far as most Western businessmen are concerned, the record—in the broader sense—is hardly encouraging. Only a handful of U.S. companies have significant operations in Japan. Since the war, other hopefuls have been kept at arm's length with a tangle of capital regulations, bureaucratic delays, and impossible conditions. When Texas Instruments Inc. last year asked permission to set up a subsidiary to make integrated circuits, the government said O.K.—as long as it went fifty-fifty with a Japanese firm, agreed to limits on production and sales, and handed over valuable patents to other Japanese manu-

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**TEA IN TANKS**



**We solve our victorious ZAHAL!**

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**Capture the Excitement of Our Victories on Kodak Colour Film**



**Then have your Kodakolor and Ektachrome film developed and printed at Bello Color Laboratories.**

**Kodak**

ADS DURING THE MARCH TO VICTORY  
Let Hertz put you in the victor's seat.

## JAPAN

### Grudging Go-Ahead

Western businessmen trying to set up subsidiaries in Japan are sometimes reminded of the welcome that Commodore Perry got there in 1853. "Our policy," whispered one wary Japanese at the time, "shall be to evade any definite answer to their requests, while at the same time maintaining a peaceful demeanor." For years, the U.S. and other nations have urged Japan to relax restrictions on foreign investments; for years, the Japanese demurred on grounds that their struggling industries would fall to outside control.

Now, however, Western capital has got a grudging go-ahead. The Japanese government has adopted a program of "capital liberalization" under which it promises to open "a considerable number of fields" to foreign companies. "The government," says the Finance Ministry's Yusuke Kashiwagi, who drew up the program, "has now given its word that it will liberalize as much as possible, and when the Japanese government gives its word, it always keeps it. Look at our record."

facturers. Naturally, Texas Instruments refused.

**Hardship Case.** Japan has always excused such policies by pleading "special hardships" involved in nursing its war-shattered industrial base back to health. But the pleas sound hollow now that Japan is the world's sixth-ranked industrial nation. And since Japan in 1964 joined the prestigious Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, the 23-member OECD "club" has made it clear that the Japanese should begin reciprocating in the international exchange of capital.

The new program is not likely to bring any rush of foreign capital. The first step, which takes effect next month, raises the limit on outside investment in existing Japanese companies from 15% to a still meager 20%. As far as new ventures go, non-Japanese capital will be allowed a 100% interest in 17 industries such as cement, steel and shipbuilding—areas in which Japanese firms are almost unchallengeable. In 33 other fields, including cameras, watches and plate glass, outsiders will be permitted up to a 50% interest, as long as control stays with Japanese partners.

soldier will endure every hardship, but he will not give up his glass of tea. Wissotzky Tea, of course."

Wissotzky was not the only company that sensed the commercial significance of war and victory. Newspapers, as a result, have been crammed with advertising. Tel Aviv's biggest department store, in a nice bit of understatement at the beginning of the war, advertised sales of "current needs"—muslin cloth to prevent windowpanes from shattering, schoolchildren's identity disks and first-aid kits. For anyone whose automobile had been requisitioned by the army, Hertz Rent A Car had a solution: "Give us a call."

Victory brought an outpouring of happier copy. "Capture the excitement of our victories," said one ad, "on Kodak colour film." Read another: "The Tiran Straits are open! And the export of C.D. Edible Oil resumed." A brewery ad pictured Israeli Actor Mike Beerstein in uniform pouring a glass of "Beer—a drink to victory."

With the fighting over, copywriters have another job. The war cost Israel, by a preliminary Finance Ministry estimate, "several hundreds of millions of

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**AFRICAN MOTHERS SORTING TOBACCO**  
*Ballpoints, but also real troubles.*

### RHODESIA

#### While Salisbury Bustles

To all outward appearances, Rhodesia has remained unperturbed by six months of United Nations economic sanctions. The bustling capital of Salisbury is alive with fashion-conscious white shoppers. As before, parking is a problem. Car owners have had ample supplies of fuel furnished by the kindred regime of South Africa. And new factories, created since the crisis to take up the slack in imports, are producing more of everything from ballpoint pens to refrigerators. Now, however, a government announcement indicates that Rhodesia has, in fact, some very real troubles.

Tobacco, the country's leading export, is not finding a market. Reason: Britain absorbed 60% of the value of crops in the pre-sanction days, but since then the leaves have had to be stashed in warehouses. Sales have plummeted to 120 million pounds, 140 million less than a year earlier, and no buyers have been found to take the surplus. Recently, the heavy-smoking French assured London that none of the tobacco would enter that country.

Earlier this month, Rhodesia's 3,000 tobacco farmers, who have been the staunchest supporters of the white supremacist regime, heard their government's dictated solution. Next year's harvest must be cut by 34%, which means that some 600 of the country's farmers will either have to grow other commodities or get out of the business.

Last week, only a few days after Rhodesia announced its crop crisis, Britain sent an emissary to see if the Ian Smith regime was ready to talk. London's Financial Times was not optimistic: "Recent events must have confirmed the white Rhodesians in their view that the British balance of payments is in a worse state than their own,

## MILESTONES

and that it is from the British side that concessions are likely to come first." Nevertheless, Britain's policy appears to have four long-range implications for the Rhodesian economy. Because of sanctions, general exports from Rhodesia in 1966 dropped by about \$168 million. If this trend continues, the country will have to live on borrowed money, which it is seeking in ever-increasing amounts.

### WESTERN EUROPE

#### Going Multinational

The Common Market has prompted quite a few Western European businesses to integrate across national boundaries, and U.S. companies which operate there are rapidly following suit. Dow Chemical and Jersey Standard have both centralized European operations, and so to a lesser degree have IBM and International Telephone & Telegraph. The latest American company to join the trend also happens to be one of the largest, Ford Motor Co., which has heretofore overseen all of its overseas activities from the U.S., is setting up a European-based subsidiary, Ford of Europe, Inc. The new subsidiary, says Chairman Henry Ford II, should provide "on-the-scene coordination" of the company's operations on the Continent.

The subsidiary will watch over the automaker's main European production affiliates, Ford of Britain and Ford of Germany, as well as its sundry assembly, and product-development activities elsewhere in Europe. Actually, the kind of coordination envisioned for the new setup is already evident in some of Ford's Continental operations. European production of Ford's light vans, for example, is so integrated that their front axles are manufactured in Britain, rear axles in West Germany.

The man who will head the European subsidiary is John S. Andrews, 53, a tall Texan who was general manager of Ford of Germany until he returned to Detroit as the parent company's European vice president in 1965. During seven years on the job in Germany, Andrews launched a period of growth that has seen Ford's share of the German auto market increase from 7% to 18%. In his new post, he will try to help Ford weather the effects of European recession. Last year the company's auto sales were off 12% in Britain, 5% in Germany.

While Ford of Europe will continue to be largely American-run, national operations henceforth will be significantly de-Americanized. As part of the same shuffle that brings Andrews to Europe, Max Ueber will become Ford of Germany's first native managing director since World War II. Similarly, Leonard Crossland, a Briton, will succeed an American as general manager of British Ford. All of which should go a long way toward making Ford a truly multinational company.

**Born.** To Luci Johnson Nugent, 19, and Patrick John Nugent, 23: a boy, President Johnson's first grandchild; in Austin, Texas.

**Born.** To Maggie Smith, 32, ebullient, rusty-haired member of London's National Theater Company (*Desdemona* to Sir Laurence Olivier's *Othello*) and film actress (*The V.I.P.s*), and Fellow Company Actor Robert Stephens, 36, versatile screen performer (*Morgan*): their first child, a 7½-lb. boy named Christopher, whose premature arrival (by caesarean section) occasioned the announcement that the couple was married (he for the first time, he for the second) secretly last month; in London.

**Born.** To Lord Rothermere, 69, Fleet Street press lord (*London Daily Mail*, *Evening News*, *Daily Sketch*), and Lady Rothermere, 36, Texas heiress and niece of Dallas Oil Magnate Clint Murchison: their first child (he has a son, heir to the peerage, and two daughters by his first marriage; she has six sons by her prior marriage), a boy; in London. Name: Esmond Vyvyan.

**Married.** Constantine FitzGibbon, 48, prolific American-born novelist (*When the Kissing Had to Stop*) and biographer (*The Life of Dylan Thomas*), and Marjorie Steele Hartford Sutton, 37, a sometime painter more widely remembered for forfeiting a cool \$60,000 annual alimony from her first husband, A. & P. Heir Huntington Hartford, to marry No. 2, British Actor Dudley Sutton; he for the fourth time, she for the third; in Bantry, Ireland.

**Married.** Richard Kollmar, 55, one-time Broadway producer (*Plain and Fancy*), longtime radio chat-man (from 1945 to 1963, with his late wife Dorothy Kilgallen on *Breakfast With Dorothy and Dick*), now proprietor of Manhattan's Pastiche Gallery; and Mrs. Anne Fogarty, 48, designer of stylish medium-priced frocks; both for the second time, in a civil ceremony (the bride wore a Fogarty) in Manhattan.

**Married.** Dr. Albert Sabin, 60, developer of the oral polio vaccine; and Mrs. Jane Blach Warner, attractive Cincinnati divorcee; both for the second time (his first wife died of a drug overdose last year) in a Reform Jewish ceremony at Cincinnati's Holmes Hospital, where the bridegroom, confined to a wheelchair, was recovering from bites inflicted by his pet dachshund.

**Married.** Hamilton Fish, 78, sole survivor (Harvard, '10) of Walter Camp's all-time, all-America football team and a courtly, conservative blueblood who took frequent potshots at the New Deal as a third-generation, longtime (1920-1945) Congressman from F.D.R.'s own

New York district; and Mrs. Marie Blackton, 56, descended from a patrician Russian military family; both for the second time; in an Episcopal ceremony in New York.

**Died.** J. (for Jesse) Arthur Younger, 74, eight-term G.O.P. Congressman from San Mateo County, Calif., a prosperous San Francisco savings and loan executive who became an early (1954) exponent of giving Cabinet status to big-city interests under an etymologically questionable but politically sensible "Department of Urbiculture," the conceptual forerunner of the Department of Housing and Urban Development; of leukemia; in Washington.

**Died.** Theodore H. Barth, 75, co-inventor (with the late Carl L. Norden) of World War II's famed Norden bombsight, a New York-born engineer who started collaborating with the older, more inspired Norden in 1923 and in 1939 under Navy commission lifted off the drawing board and into production the compact (12-in. by 19-in.), though enormously complex, bombsight that in the final phase used only two settings, gave U.S. bombardiers their much-touted "pickle-barrel" accuracy; from a duodenal ulcer; in Wareham, Mass.

**Died.** Reginald Denny, 75, English-born screen and stage actor, a veteran of more than 200 films, whose boyish good looks won him all-American parts in Hollywood's silent days, but whose unmistakably British diction led to a talkie career of English character and comedy roles, including *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House* and a memorable Broadway takeover as Colonel Pickering in *My Fair Lady*; of a stroke; in Middlesex.

**Died.** Dr. Charles Armstrong, 80, an Ohio-born research physician for the National Institute of Health who, in 1939, cultured a strain of human polio virus that could paralyze mice, thus giving scientists a low-cost laboratory animal, a breakthrough that inaugurated 16 years of intense research, climaxing in development of the Salk vaccine; of uremia; in Chevy Chase, Md.

**Died.** Max Kiss, 84, inventor of Ex-Lax, the world's first and still largest-selling (1966 company sales: over \$10 million) palatable purgative, a Hungarian immigrant who worked his way through pharmacy college, then proceeded to rescue countless kiddies from the ghastly grasp of castor oil by mixing a tasteless powder called phenolphthalein and chocolate flavoring into Ex-Lax, a name he adapted from a Hungarian parliamentary term (*ex lea*), meaning an extraordinary suspension of governmental activity; of a heart attack; in Atlantic Beach, L.I.

## CINEMA



BROWN IN "DIRTY DOZEN"  
Retired and running.

### A Private Affair

The *Dirty Dozen* is the definitive enlisted man's picture. In its view, World War II was a private affair in which officers were hypocritical, stupid or German, and only the dogfaced soldier was gutsy enough to be great. In this film, the lopsided interpretation works largely because of a fine cast and a taut plot that closes the credibility gap.

A few months before D-day, the U.S. Army decides to send a suicide squad behind enemy lines to blow up a Nazi officers' quarters. Leading the mission is a misfit major (Lee Marvin). His twelve "volunteers" are a random selection of criminals and psychopaths from the camp stockade including a Bible-quoting sex maniac (Telly Savalas), a Negro murderer (Jim Brown) and a small-time hood (John Cassavetes). Discipline to them is as foreign as freedom, and when Marvin tries to shape them up, they try to shake him down. In reply, he shovels on sarcasm and overinlays them until they drop with fatigue. When they refuse to shave with cold water, he takes away their razors and soap, an order which puts them in a bad odor and wins them the barracks sobriquet of "The Dirty Dozen."

Marvin eventually wins respect from them and from his superiors, but only after the mission has been accomplished—at a terrible cost. The first of the twelve dies as they parachute into occupied France. The other eleven stay alive long enough to enter the target, a huge chateau staffed and stuffed with German brass. Abruptly the place begins to chatter with crossfire and exploding grenades. One by one, the dirty dozen get knocked off as they kill most of the officers and blow the building to bits in some of the loudest, bloodiest battle scenes since Darryl Zanuck made his armies work *The Longest Day*. In the end, Marvin makes it back to a base hospital with the sole remnant of

the patrol. There, a general praises them for a job well done and fatuously commutes the sentences of the prisoners—posthumously.

Director Robert Aldrich (*Flight of the Phoenix*) gets convincingly raw, tough performances in even the smallest roles. Marvin comes off best with his customary abrasive humor, but he is given strong support, especially by Cassavetes and Brown, the retired Cleveland full-back who seems to be running toward a promising new career. Thanks to them, *The Dirty Dozen* proves that Hollywood does best by World War II when it does it straight.

### 7 X 1 = 0

*Woman Times Seven* is an ill-advised attempt to improve upon the mathematical formula of *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*. In that film, Sophia Loren played three women; in this one, Shirley MacLaine plays seven. Both movies employed the same director (Vittorio De Sica) and scenarist (Cesare Zavattini), inviting an unfortunate comparison. Shirley is no Sophia, although even Loren would have had trouble with these amateurish anecdotes.

Against the backdrop of Paris, MacLaine plays everything from a bitchy bourgeoisie to a nudist nymph. In one sequence, she is Paulette, grieving as she leads her husband's funeral cortege to the cemetery. Comforting her is Peter Sellers, who tries to cut a path through the widow's weeds by promising her the world. At last Paulette succumbs. When the mourners reach a fork in the road, she and Sellers peel off to the left as the scandalized funeral procession proceeds to the right.

As Marie, MacLaine and her lover (Alan Arkin) scrawl "merde" on the walls of a flophouse hotel, dress up as bride and groom, and prepare to end their hopeless affair in a double suicide. She suggests pills, but Arkin refuses to play her end game. "I never took a pill in my life," he declares. "I al-

ways use suppositories." When she balks at death by suppository, he produces a pistol. She objects, they argue, and in tears she excuses herself to go to the w.c. Suddenly disillusioned with death—and with Marie—Arkin prepares to run for his life. As he peers out the window, he sees that Marie has had the same idea. In her bridal gown, she kicks up her heels and heads for home.

All seven stories suffer from the same fault: they start promisingly but run down, like jokes with weak punch lines. Part of the fault is MacLaine's. Despite heavy help from the make-up and wardrobe departments, she seldom departs from her customary screen self, and all seven women suffer from an unflattering family resemblance. Most of the blame, however, must fall on De Sica, who has wasted such talented actors as Arkin, Sellers, Michael Caine, Philippe Noiret and Vittorio Gassman in a ponderously directed, flaccid work. Better than anyone else, he should know that a tour de farce is like a striptease: there is no point in the performance if the material does not come off in style.

### Class War

To Sir, with Love is a British expedition into the blackboard jungle—territory sometimes assumed to be exclusively American. The plot is primer-simple. A refugee engineer (Sidney Poitier) from British Guiana's black, hored jungle takes an interim teaching job in a London slum school to tide him over until he can find an opening in his field. He meets with little race prejudice: the students hate him—less for the color of his skin than for the shade of his opinions. Stiff-necked, prim, always dressed in a starched white shirt, he tries to turn the kids into adults overnight by lecturing them on deportment and making them read books they cannot hope to understand. Like other teachers in the school, he gets nowhere.

Then one day the class rides him once too often. He cracks under the strain, rages at the boys, warns the loose-lipped girls, "Nobody likes a slut for long." He throws away the books, begins dis-



MacLAINE AS TEASE



WITH SELLERS



AS NYMPH

Is the family resemblance fatal?



*Be carefree... enjoy soft drinks  
in no-return cans*

No empties to haul back to the store with  
no-deposit cans. Soft drinks in cans chill faster, too.

Cans take less space...easier to store.  
And if somebody drops one, never fear  
...cans are made of steel.



In cans are actually STEEL  
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**BETHLEHEM STEEL**





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Growing with pride  
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which tells you how we do things...  
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Continental or, better yet, your travel agent can arrange it. He's an expert on unusual new places, including this one. Please call.



**Continental Airlines**  
the proud bird with the golden tail



POITIER & STUDENTS IN "SIR"  
Shock in the blackboard jungle.

cusssing such forbidden subjects as sex and rebellion. The shock treatment works. The class regards him with a mixture of awe and fear, begins to call him "Sir." One of the girls (Judy Creeson) falls in love with him, and one of the boys challenges him to a boxing match. The boy loses, gaining Poitier the final measure of respect. By the time that Poitier receives a job offer from a Midlands factory, the once hostile class has become a bunch of friendly natives who present him with a pewter mug—to "Sir," with love. In grateful tears, Poitier rips up the letter from the factory and prepares for a lifetime of turning hippies and chippies into grownups.

To *Sir*, with *Love* attempts to blend realism and idealism, an unstable mixture. Some scenes, (or example a museum visit shown in still pictures, are as static as a photograph album. Still, even the weak moments are saved by Poitier, who invests his role with a subtle warmth. In the end, he makes his point: the world can use more Sirs.

00634

**You Only Live Twice.** Ever since his cinema debut in 1962, James Bond has been the subject of cult and caricature, spoof and spectacular. Now, five films later, he is the victim of the same misfortune that once befell Frankenstein; there have been so many flamboyant imitations that the original looks like a copy.

As in the predecessors, James Bond (Sean Connery) is once again the Fleming fantasy of the British savior. This time he comes to rescue Russia and the U.S., which teeter helplessly on the brink of war. Someone, it develops, has been hijacking both countries' space capsules as they orbit the earth, spinning them away to places unknown. Both countries accuse each other, unaware that Peking and S.P.E.C.T.R.E. are behind it all. Naturally, the only one who can help is 007, who interrupts a love

scene in Hong Kong with his Chinese mistress for the tiresome task of saving the world once more. Conveniently, the assignment takes him only as far as Japan, which gives the camera crews a chance to show a travelogue of Bond orienting himself by watching sumo wrestlers, wandering the neon-bright streets of Tokyo, climbing the green slopes of a volcano as he trails a supervillain to his lair.

The previous Bond films have so far grossed \$125 million with a surefire combination of ingredients: *You Only Live Twice* is the mixture as before. As always, Bond is surrounded by a scare'om harem, this time peach-skinned, almond-eyed Japanese dishes. There is the mandatory hardware and gadgetry show, featuring a mini-helicopter equipped with such optional extras as flamethrowers and air-to-air missiles. There is the ultimate confrontation with the Evil Genius, represented by Ernst Stavro Blofeld (Donald Pleasence), an asexual monster with shaved head, hideous scar and foreign accent.

Bond himself seems to be weakening; for the first time he needs outside help to finish the job. After finding the cache of stolen rockets in the defunct volcano, he is captured. As Blofeld prepares to annihilate him, hundreds of Japanese commandos—the Eastern equivalent of the U.S. cavalry—come to the rescue. At the finale, the volcano blows its stack. Alas, the effects are ineffective. The outer-space sequences would be more appropriate in a grade school educational short entitled *Our Amazing Universe* and the volcanic climax is a series of clumsy process shots that no one took the trouble to fix.

Even Connery seems uncomfortable and fatigued, as if he meant it when he said that this would be his last Bond film. It may just be an off year for 007; it may be that he has received too much ribbing from *Casino Royale* (TIME, May 12). But it could also be that the monumental Bond issue is at long last beginning to deflate.



CONNERY IN "TWICE"  
Just fired.



## Chimbote, Peru



## Chimbote, Peru two years after the Peace Corps

The Peace Corps doesn't work miracles. Don't expect any.

The work is hard, the hours long—but the progress is slow. Two years later not much has changed in Chimbote—on the outside.

Inside, a lot has changed.

A child learned the alphabet and pretty soon will know how to use it.

A soccer team was organized to ease some of the monotony, the soul crushing monotony of poverty. And they're winning.

A health clinic was started. Maybe it won't solve all the medical problems of Chimbote, but at least it's a start.

These aren't miracles—only a start. And for the Peace Corps Volunteers that follow, the job of easing this community into the twentieth century might be a little easier. These are things the picture can't show. If you think you can take on a job where progress is never too obvious, put yourself in the picture.

Write: The Peace Corps,  
Washington, D.C. 20525.



## BOOKS

### Where the Power Lies

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL STATE by John Kenneth Galbraith. 427 pages. Houghton Mifflin \$6.95.

Who really runs the U.S. economy? Not the same kind of people who did a few years ago, says that fashionably sardonic Harvard economist, John Kenneth Galbraith.

The modern corporation has become just too large for any individual to swing much power. The entrepreneur, like the father of a bee, "accomplishes his act of

widely discussed lectures on the MIT late last year (TIME, Jan. 6). It has been awaited by his fans on Capitol Hill and beyond.

**The Moribund Market.** One of Galbraith's main contentions is that the rise of the technostucture has brought the demise of that cornerstone of capitalism, the free market. As avidly as Eastern Europe's socialists, the U.S.'s industrial organization men embrace the cult of planning, leaving very little to the chance market. Galbraith argues that they carefully plan production, use aggressive advertising as part of that planning to bamboozle the public into buying, and are sufficiently monopolistic to "establish prices and insure demand." In the fastest-rising industries—defense, space, atomics, electronics and supersonic transport—they have formed a common-law marriage with the Government, which underwrites most of their development costs and buys the bulk of their output. One result is that government purchasing accounts for 20% or 25% of U.S. economic activity—far more than in semisocialist Sweden and close to that in Communist Poland.

This is not all bad to Galbraith, who has the economist's frequent bias in favor of planning and government involvement, and who would like to see more of both applied to such challenges as urban blight and health care. He is also greatly alarmed that the U.S. and other industrial societies are falling into a "comfortable servitude" by overemphasizing the quantity of production at the expense of the quality of life.

In his view, industrial growth often conflicts with esthetic achievement, and pollutes not only the atmosphere but also the human psyche, because consumers and employees surrender to the goals of the organization. He sermonizes that men should convert higher productivity into more leisure instead of more goods; they should work less and enjoy more, concentrate on designing beautiful cities instead of clogging them with more and more cars.

**Spoon-Fed & Nose-Led.** Galbraith certainly has his points. But many of them are neither original nor entirely valid. He misstates a bright aphorism here and there. "Men who believe themselves deeply engaged in private thought are usually doing nothing," he writes. And again: "One should always cherish his critics and protect them where possible from foolish error." But his writing is too often didactic and his logic oversimplified.

He underrates the real power of top managers and bankers (who lent more money last year than ever before), and overlooks the fact that an energetic free market rejects thousands of new products every year, despite all the elaborate plans of groupthinkers. The ornery

and unpredictable consumer is not quite as easily spoon-fed or nose-led by Madison Avenue or the technostucture as Galbraith suggests.

Most surprising is Galbraith's disenchantment with industrial growth, which, after all, is not an end but a means. Only by growth can the world's economies produce the chemicals and machines to alleviate hunger, the materials to provide adequate housing for all, and the means by which people can earn more to spend on leisure, culture, travel, medicine—and books by economists.

### The Prodigal

SELECTED LETTERS OF DYLAN THOMAS edited by Constantine FitzGibbon. 420 pages. New Directions \$8.50.

*Remember me? Round, red, robustly ruddled, a budging Apple among poets, lured as nails made of cream cheese, gap-toothed, balding, noisome, a great collector of dust and a magnet for moths, mad for beer, frightened of priests, women, Chicago, writers, distance, time, children, geese, death in love, frightened of love, liable to drip.*

Almost 17 years after Dylan Thomas wrote this bitterly lighthearted self-description, a great many people wonder if they do indeed remember him. The lecherous, boozy, pudgy little Welshman they knew has gradually been transformed by myth and legend into a



ECONOMIST GALBRAITH  
Into the technostucture.

conception at the price of his own extinction. Shareholders cannot even pretend to power because ownership of stock has become so diffuse. Big capitalists and bankers have lost influence because the typical corporation generates its own funds and does not need to borrow so much. The corporation has also become so bafflingly complex that even the chief executive is often little more than a symbol, a cheerleader and a rubber stamp for decisions that eventually work their way up through labyrinthine committees. And there is where the power lies.

Power has shifted from yesterday's mighty individuals to groups of ordinary, anonymous and mostly middle-income specialists who staff the nation's few hundred biggest, richest companies. Galbraith has an ungainly name for the new elite: the technostucture.

This thesis is not wholly new, and thus it might attract less attention if this were not a Galbraith book. He wrote one of the two or three most quoted books on economics in the past decade, *The Affluent Society*, and he considers that to have been only a prelude to this more comprehensive work. Ever since he broadcast chunks of it in six



POET THOMAS  
In a porridge of words.

sympathetic, demon-driven poet-genius. In his eloquent biography, *The Life of Dylan Thomas* (TIME, Oct. 29, 1965), Constantine FitzGibbon persuasively argued that both views of his old friend Dylan were correct and not incompatible. On the contrary, his point was that Dylan's slothful failures as a human being kindled wild erratic fires in his verse, yet prevented him from realizing his full genius as a lyric poet. In this engaging selection of Dylan's letters—

# Welcome to page 75.

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carefully culled to offer a psychological study rather than a supplement to his biography—FitzGibbon reinforces his point.

**D.T.s, Darling.** Dylan was an obsessed letter writer. From 1931—when he was a 16-year-old schoolboy in Swansea, vainly pleading for help in starting a literary periodical—to his death from an epic header in 1953, he expended far too much of his energy and spewed out probably too much of his inspiration in correspondence. His correspondence shows that, as far as his work was concerned, he was less careless and, at least in his heart, less irresponsible, than his outrageous personal behavior indicated.

His youthful letters to Pamela Hansford Johnson, whom he courted from 1933 to 1935, are especially revealing. "My facility is, in reality, tremendously hard work," he explained. "I write at the speed of two lines an hour. . . . My poems are 'water-tight compartments,' the last thing they do is flow; they are much rather hewn." He was not blind to his faults, accused himself of "immature violence, rhythmic monotony, muddle-headedness, overweighted imagery."

Yet neither his agonizing remorse nor his painful honesty could stanch his compulsion for overindulgence. In one whimpering letter, he wrote: "I'm just on the border of D.T.s, darling, and I've wasted some of my tremendous love for you on a lank, redmouthed girl with a reputation like a hell. . . . I'm such a bloody fool."

**Padded Room.** The letters show that Dylan could never honestly attribute his behavior to an artist's usual frustrations. He never suffered from a lack of recognition. When he was only 19, such poetic nabobs as T. S. Eliot and Stephen Spender were impressed by his published work, offering aid and encouragement. His chronic fault was that he was a wastrel—and not only in his constant pursuit of a new bed or bottle. He was recklessly profligate in everything. Some of these letters about relatively unimportant matters contain some of his best prose. Thus, in a lyrical homesick reply to poet Margaret Taylor (after she had written him about a house he might rent in Wales): "The room, the velvet, padded room upstairs where poems are waiting like people one has always loved but never met, and O to sit there, lost, alone in the universe, at home, at last, the people all with their arms open!"

Inevitably, his profligacy drained his spirit. When he left for his last American tour, sick and penniless, he perhaps knew that the end was near. In one of his last letters to Princess Caetani, a sometime patron, he wrote: "It is not enough to presume that once again I shall weave up pardoned, and waddle and gush along the land on my webbed seals as musical and wan and smug as an orphan of the storm: no, I must first defeat any hope I might have

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of forgiveness by resubmerging the little arisen original monster in a porridge boiling of wrong words and make a song and dance and a mockpoem of all his fishy excuses.

"The hell with him."

## The Gripe

THE COMPANY SHE KEPT by Doris Grumbach. 218 pages. Coward McCann. \$6.00.

This book, dubbed "A Revealing Portrait of Mary McCarthy," is hardly that, and in fact might well have been re-rendered to English-I-I-I supplementary reading lists were it not for the mini-Manchester-style row that it started.

Doris Grumbach, 48, professor of English at the College of St. Rose in Albany, N.Y., went to Paris in January 1966 to interview the author of *The Group*, *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood* and *The Company She Keeps*. Specifically, she was after biographical detail that would support her unstarling thesis that McCarthy's books are partly autobiographical.

Over lunch and later into a tape recorder, McCarthy, 55, unwound yards and yards of chitchat about her work, her thoughts, her four marriages and her love affairs. But when McCarthy saw the galley proofs, she blew her top and, says the professor, "utterly slashed" them. After much acrimonious palaver, the manuscript was finally approved, with some deletions and revisions.

Author McCarthy is still furious, and perhaps with reason. For one thing, Professor Grumbach insists that the characters in *The Group* are largely based on people whom McCarthy knew at Vassar, but she does not name them. Moreover, she makes no real effort to explore McCarthy's considerable talent



MCCARTHY & HUSBAND WEST  
An earlier one declined.

and wit, or even her expertise at *haute cuisine*.

As for the scandalous details promised by the publishers—well, they have either been mostly deleted or they were grossly overrated. True, a few of McCarthy's less discreet remarks have been recorded, such as her comment when discussing Husband No. 4, U.S. State Department Official James West: "None of my husbands was good-looking. Of course I've had affairs with good-looking men, but I've never married one—until now."

Also there is an uproarious domestic scene with Husband No. 2, Critic Edmund Wilson.\* It was first recorded in 1946 in court, when McCarthy was seeking her separation from Wilson. Seems that after a party one night, Mrs. Wilson asked Mr. Wilson to take out the garbage. Mr. Wilson not only declined but made an ironical bow and said: "Empty it yourself." Whereupon, testified Mrs. Wilson, "I slapped him—not terribly hard—went out and emptied the cans, then went upstairs. He called me and I came down. He got up from the sofa and took a terrible swing and hit me in the face and all over. He said, 'You think you're unhappy with me. Well, I'll give you something to be unhappy about.'"

Quite a number of people will know just how Mr. Wilson felt, and may even raise a belated cheer. It is comforting to know that this pair of intellectual Olympians could be gripped by ordinary domestic passions. But apart from such incidental benefits, *The Company She Kept* is an overblown and not particularly clever literary bio-critique.

### Short Notices

**FIRE FROM HEAVEN** by Michel Bataille. 310 pages. Crown. \$5.95.

Joan of Arc was put to death on a pile of burning fagots. Gilles de Rais, the French nobleman who fought at her side at Orléans, met a somewhat different end. He turned out to be a fagot who dismembered and burned a pile of little boys—800 of them, by the best estimates of the time. In its outlines, this historical novel is undoubtedly Sade-but-true. More debatable is the book's claim that Marshal de Rais was not entirely a monster, but "the magnified and distorted image of everyman." Everyman? De Rais, whose atrocities many believe to be the inspiration for the Bluebeard legend, became overlord of Anjou at the age of 13, a marshal of France at 26, and he never betrayed a friend. Once, when his loyal soldiers were helping him destroy the evidence by throwing 46 rotting bodies on the flames, Gilles de Rais, in this version of the story, actually sat down and asked himself this question: "Hadh't he lived life too fully?"

Author Bataille, a screenwriter and

\* The others: Actor Harold Johnsrud (1933-36) and Writer-Teacher Bowden Broadwater (1946-61).

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GILLES DE RAIS  
*Sade but true.*

novelist who was a finalist in last year's Prix Goncourt—France's foremost literary award—has perhaps revived Gilles de Rais's life a bit too fully. For mass horrors explicitly described, this book certainly has few rivals. Nowhere else, for example, can the reader find a set of instructions for playing ball with a human head.

THE THOUSAND HOUR DAY by W. S. Kuniczak. 628 pages. Dial. \$7.95.

No sane person doubts any longer that war is hell. Even so, many readers of this massive and unremittingly gory novel are bound to wonder if the German conquest of Poland in World War II was actually the unrelieved hellish nightmare that Author Kuniczak makes it out to be. Heads are lopped off, noses pulverized, bellies carved up, teeth knocked out—and occasionally somebody is even shot.

The Polish-born author, a naturalized U.S. citizen, says that he drew upon the recollections of 700 Poles, Germans, Englishmen and Frenchmen to get his material; and it is otherwise obvious that many of the episodes here are factual. But even in warfare, carnage is relieved by inactivity or restless boredom. The only respite Kuniczak gives his readers is short inconsequential conversations and brief bursts of attempted Joycean lyricism. Laboriously, he relates the personal agonies of a one-armed Polish general and his mistress, a disillusioned American correspondent, a Jewish conscript from the Warsaw ghetto and an idealistic young Nazi officer. Kuniczak seldom strays far from the heated sights and shrieks of battle. At any rate, he seems to have a gift for divining the public taste. This is a Book-of-the-Month-Club selection.



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7. Change in a wart or mole.

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